REMAINS

OF

MRS. CATHARINE WINSLOW;

A

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN MISSION
AT MADRAS, INDIA.

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

Compiled for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and approved by the Committee of Publication.

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PREFACE.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Catharine Winslow at Madras, an earnest wish was expressed by her husband that her journal and letters, with a brief memoir, might be given to the public. There was, however, in the minds of some of her friends an objection to this, on the ground that the life of *one* Mrs. Winslow had already been written. But upon mature reflection, and after years have elapsed since the papers were put into my hands, it occurred to me that a volume of remains—embracing parts of her journal and some of her correspondence—might be prepared for the benefit more especially of the young. These writings possessed a certain kind of merit which it was thought would attract the attention of youth, and promote an interest on the subject of missions in hearts where perhaps no such feeling had been entertained. It is with this view that the hand of fraternal affection, after repeated solicitations, has undertaken to arrange and publish a few of Mrs. W's writings. As to their literary merit, the reader will judge for himself; and as to their touching character, they will no doubt speak to the sensibilities of many a pious heart.

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REMAINS

OF

MRS. CATHARINE WINSLOW.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. WINSLOW embarked with her husband, Rev. Myron Winslow, in November, 1835, for Madras. She entered upon the missionary work in the full maturity of her powers, being at that time thirty-six years of age. Though it is not the design in these fragments, to present a consecutive memoir, commencing with childhood and closing at death; yet for the gratification of our young readers, it may not be amiss to state a few facts relating to her youth, as they seemed to foreshadow some of those excellences of character which were afterwards more fully developed.

The subject of these remarks was one of six children, left at a very tender age to the care of a widowed mother. To that mother and to the little group with which she was associated, she was ever the devoted daughter and sister. So far back as the writer can recollect, her juvenile history presented a very lovely picture of filial duty and sisterly affection. He cannot recall a single instance of her having been punished for disobeying her mother; and never, so far as memory serves him, does he recollect that she indicated an unkind or selfish spirit in her intercourse with the other members of the family. On the contrary she discovered a noble generosity even in childhood, and was always ready to concede to the wishes of others, even at the sacrifice of her own preferences and pleasures. To these amiable traits was added an early and very remarkable development of mind. In fact her mind and body both seemed in advance of her years. She was by many taken for a woman whilst yet scarcely in her teens. In the schools which she attended, she was, I may say in truth, invariably at the head. For this reason, as well as for correct deport

ment, she was a favorite with the teacher, who would occasionally avail himself of her services in the instruction of the other pupils. Her mind had this peculiarity, that no study was to her either difficult or repugnant to her taste. The most intricate problems in the arithmetic were solved by her with the greatest ease; whilst geography, poetry, and history, were mere pastime. Still if called upon to state the *predominant* taste of her childhood, it must be conceded that it was rather the department of poetry and belles lettres, than the severer studies of mathematics and philosophy.

Her imagination, even when quite a child, was rich in pictures of poetic beauty; and her sensibility was of the deepest and purest kind. As an illustration of this, the writer well recollects how many winter evenings were enlivened, in listening with absorbed attention to her original sketches of romantic interest, well conceived and carried out, with which she was wont to amuse the younger branches of the household. How many hours also were passed, even after retiring to bed, in hearing the tales which she wove out of the inexhaus-

ible stores of her fancy! Fond of poetry from childhood, her mind became imbued with its beautiful imagery; and her memory, ever true to its office, enabled her to recite passages, sometimes of great length, appropriate to the circumstances in which she was placed. Kindred to this was her love of natural scenery. She was a passionate student of the great and varied works of God.

Scarcely had this interesting youth passed into womanhood, before her hand was solicited and given to one, who as a husband was devoted to her happiness. So far as reciprocal affection was concerned the attachment was strong; but there was considerable disparity in age and in intellectual cultivation. With this devoted partner of her early life she went several times to Europe, where every facility was afforded her for the cultivation of her tastes and for acquiring a knowledge of the world. Her husband's death occurred subsequently to her making a profession of religion, and, as will be seen, by one of her letters, under circumstances extremely trying to her faith. For a long time after this sad event she remained a widow, soothing her sorrows in the society

of her mother and sisters. Connected with the families of the latter were several little ones, who—having no children of her own—became objects of deepest interest, and for whose amusement and instruction much of the journal herein contained was written. She was thus engaged, when the Rev. Mr. Winslow, on a visit to this country in 1835, made the proposition to her to unite her labors with his in the important and responsible work of foreign missions. The rest will be better told in the journal and letters which follow. These it will be perceived were written not in view of publication, but to interest her friends, to whom she was tenderly attached, and in whose spiritual welfare she had ever taken the liveliest interest.

In appearance and manners Mrs. Winslow was prepossessing. Endowed with a fine taste, and having enjoyed in early life the advantages of European travel, she had acquired a grace of manners and a fund of information which rendered her in social life an object of great attraction. In conversation she had few equals among either sex. To this assemblage of graces, we should add, that her piety sat

like a diadem over the whole. Such was Mrs. W. when she left her native land to spend the remnant of her days—alas, how few—among the degraded tribes of India. Some may say, what a sacrifice! Why were not these intellectual powers employed in efforts to do good at home; and these fine social influences cast around her own domestic circle? It might be answered, for many years they *had* been. But in a heart like hers, there stirred a spirit of benevolent enterprise, that caught eagerly at the idea of an enlarged and self-denying field for its exercise. The constraints and restrictions of society, in its artificial state, seemed to fetter her energies. Thus, when, in the providence of God the thought was suggested of uniting her destiny with one, who for years had labored to enlighten and save the heathen, her soul took fire at the prospect, and after much prayer and deep reflection, she decided to become a missionary. It may not be amiss here to let her speak for herself, both in relation to her religious history, and the feelings with which she contemplated the responsible work which it was proposed she should undertake. The communication which is subjoined,

was made at the earnest request of a clergyman who had long known her, and who, now that he was to bid her farewell, wished this brief narrative as a memento.

NOVEMBER 19th, 1835.

Ship Charles Wharton, off Reedy Island.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I have felt quite unwilling to leave without fulfilling my promise to you, and am rather glad of a day's detention at this place (on account of contrary winds) as I have now the opportunity of dropping a hasty line. In view of leaving my native land forever, solemn thoughts crowd upon my soul, and seem to absorb me entirely. I look back on past scenes of happiness in God's house, and with the great congregation, and wonder that I valued them so lightly. As these privileges are receding from me, they appear of vast importance. Oh! that I could express all I feel on this subject; that I could make friends feel the greatness of the blessing of the Christian Sabbath, and of going to the house of God in a land where the light of the Gospel shines. I would exhort you as a Christian minister, to strive to impress on the minds of

those with whom you have influence, a sense of their great privileges in this respect. Never can they realize them as I do, who am about to relinquish them ; but they may be led to more gratitude to God for his great goodness in appointing them to so goodly an heritage, and they may be led to do more for the wretched and the lost in pagan lands, who have no Sabbath, no house of God, no sympathizing minister, to "point to brighter worlds and lead the way." But you will think it strange that I should thus commence a letter to you. I can only say that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Next to the engrossing thought of leaving friends comes this home to my mind, and as friends are passing away from us forever, we wish to catch their last thoughts, so I throw mine before you, trusting you will excuse what may have seemed an abrupt commencement.

If I recollect right, you requested me to give you a few of the most important *dates* of my life ; I cheerfully comply with your wish, believing that you still continue to feel the same kind interest you have always manifested towards me. I was said to be a serious, con-

templative child from my infancy, and I had often very affecting thoughts of God and eternity; and oh, how often did I resolve in my school days to seek religion as the one thing all important, but I was so happy in the midst of a large and affectionate family, that I forgot God and turned my back continually on the invitations of the Gospel.

A year and a half after my first marriage, my eldest, and tenderly beloved brother was taken from us in a very sudden and dreadful manner. He left us, for a southern clime, in Sept. 1816, in fine health. Length of days seemed written on his sanguine countenance, and we hoped to enjoy many years of happiness with him on his return. Five days after his departure a terrific storm arose, and the little frail vessel in which he was, became a prey to its violence. All were buried in the waves but one poor negro. He escaped to tell the dreadful story. I was then enjoying a very gay season at Philadelphia in company with my husband. We were summoned home, and the affecting news communicated that we had lost him who had stood in the place of father to us. It were vain to attempt to tell you of the

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meeting with our bereaved mother, and all the sorrowful details of our arrival. Suffice it to say that the Holy Spirit visited us as a family. We felt that we were sorely touched, that God was laying his hand upon us most heavily, and we felt that we needed just such an affliction. I was like one awaking from a dream. What a heart was mine as it now appeared, full of sin, regardless of God, and ungrateful for a life of mercies. To know it and to resolve was one and the same thing with me. I resolved to live for God immediately, but I had no knowledge of Christ except in the head; my heart did not acknowledge him. I was continually thinking of God and desiring and praying to become his child, but could see no way for him to accept me. Many, many times did I ask myself the question, "How can God accept such a depraved and polluted heart;" I felt that I was not fit for heaven, that a total change was necessary. I continued in this state of mind for some weeks, still striving, and still exclaiming, "Alas, for me! what shall I do? I cannot even think a good thought." When hope seemed to have entirely fled, I went to an evening meeting in company with

dear H—— D—— and others who were interested for me, and in the prayer before sermon, light broke in upon my soul. Never shall I forget how sweetly this sentence (uttered by our pastor, Mr. McClelland) sounded in my ears, "We thank thee, oh God, that thou hast given us a Saviour, we thank thee that our transgressions are buried with him in the grave." Now the way was plain, now Jesus in all his lovely attributes and perfections was brought to my view. I felt as did Christian at the cross when his burden fell from his back. It was with difficulty I could keep from weeping aloud. Friends about me witnessed the change, without my uttering a word. Grateful smiles and tears were blended; my happiness was, if possible, augmented by the sermon which followed the prayer. (Text: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.") I returned to my mother a changed creature, and told her of all the Lord had done for my soul. Together as a family we wept and prayed; I read the eighth chapter of Romans, and what before appeared a dead letter, was now all light and beauty. I longed to have the whole world feel as I did; pity was in my

heart for all who knew not my Saviour. I spoke to many and urged them to come to Christ, it seemed so easy and delightful a thing.

The Lord had been dealing with other members of my family, and three of us had found the Saviour to be precious. In the winter of 1817, my beloved mother, my dear sister, Mrs. Scudder, and myself enjoyed the great privilege of publicly professing our faith in Christ, in the Rutgers street church. It was a season long to be remembered. Three months after, my dear and only brother was enabled to renounce the world and join in communion in the same church. (Now that sister is a missionary on heathen ground, and that brother a useful minister of the Gospel.)

Perhaps I have never since had more of the missionary spirit than I had then; I thought I had only to tell the wonderful story of the manger, the cradle, the cross, and the tomb, and that all would believe; but, alas! I have lived to know that the great mass of human beings are now as they were in the days of my Saviour; slow to believe, blind to the things which concern their everlasting peace.

How affectingly did he say, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Strange infatuation! mournful state! eyes that shut out the light! Arise in thy mighty power, oh Saviour, and dispel the darkness from their minds. My husband was absent from home, at the time of my coming out from the world, and I had many fears as to his approval of the step I had taken. God was better to me than my fears, and I had the happiness to find him not opposed on his return. Were there time, I should like to tell you of my various exercises of mind while visiting at different times some of the gayest cities in Europe, and while crossing so often the mighty ocean. Yes, I have indeed seen many of the wonderful works of God as exhibited to those who go down to the sea in ships; but I must hasten to say that after years of undeserved happiness, my husband was removed from me in a very unexpected moment. He had been in rather delicate health for a few weeks, but was quite able to attend to business, and did so until a few days preceding his decease. He died with comparatively little suffering, and was almost unconscious of the solemn change which was

passing upon him. An awful uncertainty hung about his prospects for eternity. Then indeed, my dear friend, the billows went over my soul, and I often exclaimed, "was there ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" I can touch but lightly upon it now. It is enough to say that my health sunk under it; nervousness and general debility succeeded to my former good health, and for three years or more, I was a suffering creature. Yet through all I could say, the Lord is gracious still; I needed just what I had received from his hand; he was leading me in a way that I knew not. I had been surrounded by temptations, and having had a companion ever ready to gratify my tastes—leading me to foreign shores where all that was beautiful in nature and art was continually passing before me, I had been often in great danger of forgetting my first love. Then my Lord took pity upon me, and sent his judgments that I might be brought back to him. So has He dealt with me ever in mercy and to His name be the praise. I was, (as you know) received with all my sorrows into the bosom of the most affectionate friends in the world, cherished with all fondness, even

as a mother cherisheth her children. It was almost a contention who should have the most of my time, mother, brother, or sisters, and I was made to feel that I had much to live for. Many little ones looked to me for counsel, and for care in sickness; and I trust God has enabled me to be useful in some small measure, and to gain much love from the children of my beloved sisters. Whilst thus engaged, a door of usefulness was opened, as you know, and a proposition made that I should accompany a devoted missionary of the cross over the wide waste of waters to distant India. I should but weary you to speak of all the deep thoughts this subject aroused within me; I think I could see the hand of the Lord guiding me as plainly as though a fellow mortal had been pointing me through a labyrinth. With the consent of friends I was united to Mr. Winslow in marriage, 23d of April, 1835, expecting then to leave in May. But it was ordered differently for us, and I think for good. We remained through the summer and had much sweet intercourse with dear Christian friends. Our hearts have been encouraged, and I am I trust better prepared for the im-

portant work before me; my husband has become intimately known to those most dear to my heart, and they feel unlimited confidence in him as to my temporal comfort. He has been enabled to give to the world a valuable memoir of *one* long laboring in the field, now gone to her rest—also a sketch of the mission with which we are connected. We are now on board ship just ready to say farewell to home and country. The bitterness of parting with friends is *past*; my heart has been sorely wrung and is now bleeding, *but I look to Christ to heal.* It would be impossible to part from such loved ones as mine without a lacerated heart, and I am willing to be conformed to Christ in his sufferings. Oh, may he enable me to rejoice in it. And now, dearly beloved friend, let me in this solemn hour exhort you to pray for the solitary missionary; let the cause of missions continue to be near your heart; lead your congregation to think and do much for the great object of converting the world. 'Tis a glorious object, and one which should fill the eye and heart of every Christian. Alas for me that I have realized it so little! Now as the world seems receding from

my view, I feel much the importance of "living for Christ." Pray for us in our loneliness, that our hands may be sustained and our hearts encouraged. I hope I love the cause to which I am pledged; it would be a fearful thing to go under other circumstances. I have one other parting wish, which is so much on my heart as almost to annihilate all others; it is that my mother may, in her desolation of spirit, be tenderly thought of by you. You will feel for her, and pray with her, and look upon her in some sort as your mother. In all probability you may be near her in a dying hour; oh, whisper to her all the sweet consolations and hopes of the Gospel. She may be left to long and wish for her absent children; oh, say to her that the Lord has need of us in another part of his vineyard, and point her to a reunion beyond the grave. For all your kind sympathy (already manifested to our family,) may the Lord reward you an hundred fold; may he bless you in your family, in your basket, and in your store, and above all, may he make you faithful to the *great work* entrusted to you. Again I say, "pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Be faithful unto death,

and He shall give you a crown of life. My most affectionate love to Mrs. H——; may she go on as she has began, shining brighter and brighter until she is translated "to fairer worlds on high." Beg her to be faithful in praying for us, and in keeping up an interest for us in the hearts of the dear female members of the church who have heretofore shown us such kindness. For dear little Willey* I trust you will ever feel an interest and be his faithful friend as far as may be in your power.

I will make no apology for writing so much of *self* in this letter, as I did it in accordance with your expressed wish, but I will ask you to excuse the confused and hurried manner in which it is done. There is much noise and confusion about me; all trying to get things a little in order before they are sea-sick, and I am writing in the midst of them. And now, dear and respected friend, farewell, a long farewell. God have you in his holy keeping, teach your little ones to "live for Christ," tell them of *me* hereafter, and say that I went

* That little Willey is now a missionary in Ceylon; Rev. William M. Scudder, son of Dr. Scudder.

forth with this for my motto, "I will live for Christ." I hope you will write soon, very soon, to us, and send it to Mr. Anderson, that we may receive it soon after our arrival. Again farewell, until we meet before the throne of the Eternal.

Affectionately yours,

CATHARINE WINSLOW.

My husband unites in much love.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Winslow took leave of her friends at New Castle, just below Philadelphia, and, with several other missionaries, some of whom were connected with the Presbyterian Board of Missions, set sail for the land of her labors and her death. Having promised to keep a journal of her voyage, to be transmitted to her friends, and for the special comfort of an aged invalid mother, she penned the incidents of the passage, intermingling her own reflections, as they arose in her mind. The journal claims to be nothing more than a simple narrative of fact and feeling. A long sea voyage, it is well known, is monotonous and tiresome; but Mrs. W. has contrived, by the aid of a fine imagination, and the power of educing agreeable and even profitable reflections from common and ordinary circumstances, to make her journal not only readable but instructive. That part of it which relates to the beauties of sea and sky, will interest the poetical mind; and

that which refers to the affections will awaken sympathy in the sensitive; and those reflections which grow out of an inspiring Christianity, will deeply engage the attention of the Christian.

There is one part of this journal which cannot fail to interest several classes. I refer to the minute account which Mrs. W. gives of a very remarkable and precious work of Divine grace on ship-board. Seamen will be interested in this. All who seek the welfare of that class will also be. None indeed can read it without emotion. But I am keeping the reader from judging, by a personal perusal, whether a journal, written under all the disadvantages which surrounded the writer of this, and intended for her own relations, has really interest enough to repay the general reader.

JOURNAL.

MARCH 14, 1836.

Entrance of the Bay of Bengal.

MY DEAR MOTHER :—Having nearly completed our voyage, I am arranging my papers and letters to send home. You have here a full and familiar journal written at your request and that of my sisters. Probably you will not find much that is either novel or interesting—nor did you expect it—but it is the *proof of love* sent by your child and sister, written for the gratification of a beloved mother, brothers and sisters ; my little nephews and nieces also may one day like to hear of an aunt in Ceylon, and I wish them to hear it read. I have not had sufficient time to make necessary abridgments and corrections which will be obvious to all. I have written often when it was with difficulty I could keep my seat on account of the rolling of the ship, sometimes in my bed, and almost always at a great disad-

vantage. But if the perusal of it gives my dear mother any pleasure, or makes her for a little time forget her pains, I shall be amply compensated for any trouble I have had. You will not mark my faults particularly, when you consider that I have had other pressing duties to perform. I have written much, studied some. The Lord grant my passage may not have been a lost season to me. We are to-night within a few leagues of Ceylon, if the wind continues we shall probably make the land early in the morning. Of course we are all in the bustle of preparation, hoping to have an opportunity of landing at the island without going to Madras. Capt. Dolby thinks it quite likely we may do so. I will say nothing now of all the thousand conflicting thoughts which agitate my mind to-night, but will try to lay aside my cares and think of that time when mortal cares shall cease. 'Till then, beloved mother—affectionate brothers and sisters, farewell. The Lord bless and keep you. The Lord cause His face to shine upon you and give you peace.

CATHARINE WINSLOW.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1835.

On board ship C. W., Atlantic Ocean, Longitude 45°, 18′. *Latitude* 33°, 27′, *N.*

MY DEAR BELOVED MOTHER AND FRIENDS:—I have no longer the delightful privilege of conversing with you face to face as in by-gone days, when we have so often taken sweet counsel together; but there is no reason why our loved communion should entirely cease. No, we have still our pens, and I have still the same desire for that endearing intercourse I have been accustomed to enjoy. I would live in your hearts. Yes, dear loved ones, I would be remembered at the fireside, at the family altar—in the house and by the way—at the familiar little convocation of relatives, and above all when you come nearest your heavenly Father, then remember the absent one who was wont to be in your midst—to share with her whole heart your sorrows and your joys. When I call to mind all the dear delights of our sojourn together, I am ready to exclaim, How could I leave such affectionate hearts? Ah, I loved my idols too well. God

in mercy showed me that I had a work to do far from you—far from the pleasant joys of home—that while I was living a life of ease, millions were in need of the humble, self-denying teacher. I do feel that it is for Jesus' sake I am willing to expatriate myself. Had I consulted my own ease I should still have been with you—still have been near my beloved mother—my dear brother—my kind sisters—still in the pleasant land of my birth and in the enjoyment of its high religious and social privileges. I now feel that all is well, just as it should be. I love to trace the hand of my heavenly Father in his dealings with me for the last two years. I look at the whole chain of his providences, link by link, and can say, I bless Him for all, even for separating us. My heart was too much set on my friends; I was continually making unto myself idols, and there was great danger of tempting God to say, "She is joined to her idols, let her alone." From henceforth, oh, may other cares engross me! May I feel that the time is short, and in all that I do may I have an eye single to the glory of God and think little of my own ease or gratification! And thus,

dear friends, may it be with you also. Seek God's glory in all that you do. Resolve to "live for Christ" and your end shall be peace.

I feel quite well to-day; at least quite equal to telling you something of the Lord's dealings with us since we left our native shores. On reviewing the last two weeks, I can speak only of the goodness of the Lord. When my dear friends left me (at New Castle,) such sadness was in my heart as I cannot describe. I should not like to have you know all my weakness, nor how I sunk at the thought of no more seeing them on this side of the grave. Sea-sickness soon came. For some days I suffered much, and lost my strength almost entirely. We had strong winds, and violent motion of the ship in consequence; so that I was prevented from writing until now. Soon after we came on board arrangements were made to have prayers in the large cabin every morning and evening; prayer meetings on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and service on deck each Sabbath when the weather should be favorable. Also a bible class for the seamen every Sabbath afternoon. To all this our Captain very kindly gave his consent and promised

every facility in his power. On account of sea-sickness and blowing weather we had no public services the first Sabbath, but yesterday (our second Sabbath) we had the pleasure of assembling on the deck of our noble ship for public worship, most of us with restored health and recruited spirits. It was a sight to medicine the mind, and make glad the heart. Mine was cheered. I wept silently for joy that the Lord had brought me to witness such a scene. The sun shone in cloudless splendor tinging with gold the tips of the waves as they rolled on, heaving sublimely and gloriously as when the "Almighty Former's" hand first gathered the sea. The decks were scrupulously clean. The Captain had benches arranged so as to form a hollow square, on two sides of which were seated the missionary brethren and sisters. I was at the end of one of the seats on my little chair, the cannon separating me from the seamen who occupied the remaining benches. There were twelve present, all neatly attired for the occasion. My husband (who was to preach for us) leaned against the capstan, a chair by his side, on which lay his bible and hymn book. He began—each stead-

fast eye was fixed upon him; "no vacant look, no wandering glance, no restless form was there." Some remarked afterwards, that these hardy sons of the ocean wept as they listened. As for me I hardly dared trust myself to look at them, fearing that I should weep aloud, so much was I affected at this (to me) new scene. As the sound of the hymn rose sweet and clear over the noise of the rushing waves, I thought of you, my beloved mother, and said to myself, if you could know all how would your heart rejoice in our happiness. Although far from home, and far from land, and far from the great assembly of worshipers, God was with us, and I trust we had the spirit of prayer and could ask sincerely that every soul in the ship might be born into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, and that God would make this ark His especial care. In the afterpart of the day, Mr. Winslow met all the seamen (who were not on duty) in the steerage, and held a Bible-class in which he was much interested.

At sunset we prayed, in our own little room, for all our loved ones. It is pleasant to commend you all to God, and to ask that we may

all meet again in happier realms, where there will be no interruption to the blessed work of praise forever. In the evening we met in the public cabin for prayer, and for considering a theological subject in which all who chose took a part. Thus I have shown you how our Sabbath passed. I hope to be able to write a little each day that you may hereafter trace us on our watery way. We are now nine days from the Capes of the Delaware and have had rapid sailing, averaging 188 miles a day. Our company are now nearly all well enough to be at table. We spoke a ship this morning bound to Liverpool from South America. The weather is changing very fast from cold to warm. The mate has just taken down our stove, as we shall not again need fires, while you are perhaps hovering over a brilliant grate, talking of snow and dreading a long winter.

Evening.—After tea we fell into a conversation respecting missionary work, and the manner in which we are to live in India. Mr. Winslow told us some things necessary for us to know and we all became much interested. From this, the transition was easy to speak of home, dear home, and we talked of loved

friends, and of the supports we had had in leaving all, and came to the conclusion that we had much to be grateful for. Our minds were in a right frame to enjoy the latter part of the evening on deck from whence I have just returned. Such an evening I have seldom known—so mild, so pleasant, a gentle breeze filling our sails, a brilliant moon riding high in the heavens; the most gem-like of the stars scattered here and there through "nature's grand rotunda," together with a fine halo of light in the west, left by the setting sun, I could not but exclaim on beholding it,

> "If with such tints He paints light vapors,
> And throws such glory o'er the sun's departure,
> What must He be, great source of all?"

December 1*st.*—A pleasant morning. We are following the summer and have now quite warm weather. Dear friends at home will wish to know if I am able to study. I have taken two lessons in Tamul and think I shall like it much. You are aware that it is a very difficult language, but I have so patient a teacher that I am hoping to make some progress ere our arrival. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight enter upon the study with some spirit, and that

will, most likely, prove an advantage to me. My hours are fully occupied on ship-board, and I do not think I shall have to complain of *ennui*, but rather of the shortness of time.

Dec. 3.—Our fine wind which we brought from the Capes has sunk away to a light breeze, and we are going at a much less rate than heretofore. Still we make nearly one hundred miles a day, and feel quite satisfied to have a little rest, having been tossed about so violently on first getting to sea. I read, or rather study Tamul all the morning—recite to Mr. W. at eleven o'clock; recitation occupies from one to two hours, soon after which we have our dinner. After dinner I join the ladies in reading for another hour, then take a little recreation on deck, read again until supper, after which study a Bible subject to be ready for our breakfast next morning, (as at that time we give our texts on various subjects previously proposed) then write a little and again a short walk on deck before retiring. We think and talk much of you all. Dear sisters, when shall we three meet again? How I should like to have a little chat with you to-night, such as we have been accustomed to.

I have had such sinking of heart, such desolation of spirit at the thought of our separation as I cannot describe. Never were sisters happier in each other I am sure. "Of joys departed never to return," I will not now speak. No! I would be thankful for all the sweet and delightful intercourse we have had together, and I would have you happy in the thought that I am going to the poor heathen. Think of me as being cheerful, and think of the joy it will give dear lonely Harriet,* to welcome me and speak of precious friends at home. I had expected, dear sisters, that we should pass down life's stream together—that in all trying vicissitudes we might be near to comfort each other, but it has been ordered otherwise, and doubtless far better than we could have arranged for ourselves. There is a "bourne from whence no traveler returns," where we shall all soon be, and beyond that what are our hopes? Have we a good hope of meeting at the right hand of God? Solemn question! I am happy that most of our dear family can say, "we have a good hope through grace."

* Mrs. Harriet Scudder, then Missionary to Ceylon, since deceased.

And oh, how I long to have this question settled in the affirmative in the case of my precious sister S.* Dear loved one! how my heart yearns over her! We are praying for you dearest, and oh, that you would pray for yourself. I thought much of this subject, and prayed much for the conversion of this otherwise best of sisters before I left my home; but I did not converse with her as much as I ought to have done. I do not know much about your feelings, but oh! how it would have blunted the point of the arrow that entered my soul as I received your last embrace could I have called you a child of God; one born into the kingdom. I pray God it may soon be. I long for it.

4th. Have still pleasant weather and tolerably good winds, shall soon be in the tropics. Our kind Captain has given orders to have holes made in the deck for the admission of air into our rooms, also to give us more light, as we found it difficult to read or write in retirement. (The carpenter is engaged to-day

* This sister was not at that time in Christ; but has since given her heart to Him and professed her faith before the world.

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in making them.) He has it in contemplation to make us still more comfortable by introducing a wind-sail into our cabin. We have almost nothing to wish for as to our temporal wants. Our table is very well supplied and there is quite variety enough to suit all tastes.

Saturday 5th. Have to-day established our female prayer meeting—only five of our number present. We had great comfort in commending our parents, brothers and sisters to our heavenly Father, also in seeking His blessing on ourselves. Think I feel grateful for the privilege of thus coming together.—This evening had a prayer meeting in which all united. Another week has gone and where are we? Are we seven days onward in the momentous preparation for eternity?

Sabbath, 6*th.* Rose with renewed strength and made my preparations to attend religious services. Was first on the deck, and had great pleasure in noticing the alacrity of Captain Dolby and officers in preparing for our accommodations. A large awning was spread (as the sun was more powerful than on the preceding Sabbath), seats arranged, &c., and after

our company were seated the seamen came forward to the number of thirteen. Mr. McEwen preached an impressive sermon from Paul's shipwreck. Spent the afternoon alone, my husband being engaged with the seamen's Bible class. At sunset we had our season of prayer for dear mother, father, brothers and sisters, with all the dear little children. It is a sweet and precious hour to me. I call to mind all your love, all your sympathizing kindness, and feel as if I could never weary of asking for blessings to descend upon you. How many Sabbath evenings have passed delightfully in your loved society! I felt a sort of longing to night to have my sweet* S—— and H—— with me, for a little time, that I might speak to them of the Saviour, and listen to dear S's artless remarks. I shall never forget a conversation I had with her one Sabbath evening, not long since, when she asked me to look down from heaven and watch over her, if I should arrive there first, "but dear aunty," said she, "I have prayed, if it be God's will, that we may both die together, for I feel as if I could not live without you." Sweet child!

* Nieces of Mrs. W.

we must learn to live without each other here. Oh! may we spend our eternity together, at the right hand of God!

Many little touching circumstances are continually rising and reminding me of home, and of you all. How active the memory becomes when it is quickened by the heart! Things which would be soon forgotten were I with you daily, are fresh and vivid as if now occurring. Of all the thousand nameless attentions of dear brother S.* I forget none. I love to dwell upon them, to see him in all his labors of love for me, his kind attention in consulting my appetite at various times when I have been ill, and his skill in touching on such points of public news as he thought would interest me. I do hope he will be as faithful in writing me as he has been in all else. After commending you all to the protection of God, we joined our brethren and sisters at the evening meeting. Subject for discussion, *hindrances to growth in grace.* Many useful remarks were elicited, and we separated for the night with renewed desires after holiness, and resolving,

* Mr. D. of New York, a brother-in-law.

as I trust, to have fewer hindrances than heretofore.

Monday 7th.—A heavy sea running. Ship pitching and tossing very much, so that I find it difficult to read or write. Several of our number sea-sick again, and all more or less indisposed. My head has been aching so that I was obliged to go to bed. No one able to attend the Tamul recitation. I took no dinner, was able to go on deck just at evening and look at the sky. Moon struggling through a belt of lurid and heavy clouds, ever and anon careering in her brightness and then hidden by the mountain masses of vapor. It was a sublime sight. We thought of God, and of David's description of His greatness, His majesty, and His power. Although clouds and darkness are often round about Him, still justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. We watched our noble ship, as she moved on, "walking the water like a thing of life," and scattering the sea-foam from her path, until we were summoned to tea; after which came our monthly concert, and then how many endearing recollections, how many touching thoughts filled our minds

as we prepared to join in prayer with you all at home—that the God whom we serve would bless the cause of Missions. Mr. Winslow conducted the meeting and called on the brethren to give some little account of the manner in which each had been led to turn his attention to the subject of missions. I listened to them with deep interest, as they spoke of the dealings of God in their particular cases.—Each felt as if he could say, "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." Mr. Winslow said, in conclusion, that if he had a thousand lives he would give them all to the service of Christ among the heathen. This he could say after having been fifteen years on heathen ground, and having a knowledge of most of the trials to which a missionary is exposed. After our meeting we walked on the deck and were speaking of our peculiar situation—of our lone ship on the vast and mighty ocean, and were expressing our sense of the necessity of Divine protection when a bright light was seen to flash from our cabin, and the Captain called out "we are all on fire below," and ran immediately down, as did Mr. Winslow. I followed at a slower pace, and with some difficulty

from fright—my mind full of all horrible imagery of suffering from ships taking fire, &c. Our alarm was soon over however, and the fire extinguished. It was caused by one of the gentlemen opening his medicine chest and endeavoring to pour out sulphuric ether. The flame from the candle reached it and in a moment all about him was in a bright blaze. By throwing on water (providentially at hand,) the mischief was stopped. No one was hurt except a slight blistering of the hands which held the bottle when it burst. We felt that we had much reason to be grateful that nothing worse resulted from this want of caution.

Tuesday, 8*th*. *Lat*. 19°, 20′. *Long*. 36°. —Ship tossing about so much as to make it quite unpleasant. I find it extremely difficult to write or read, but have a strong desire to say something every day to my dear, dear mother, and friends. I have attended to the lesson and recited this morning. Several of the ladies are quite sick, one Mrs. I. very sick. She is quite an example of patience under suffering.

I have been thinking much of the work before me, and feel more pleasure than usual in

the prospect. I long to get some little knowledge of the language that I may be useful to some of the wretched children of the heathen. I do feel as if it would be worth all I have gone through in parting from you, to be able to point one poor idolater to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

Wednesday, 9*th*. *Lat.* 16°, 35.′ *Long.* 35°. —Weather pleasant. Rather too much rolling of the ship to be agreeable. Weariness and languor are a consequence of this incessant motion. Have visited the sick, studied my Tamul lesson, and tried to sit on deck, but found the wind too strong for me, producing head-ache and dizziness. I find I am able to do but little on board ship. Some writer has remarked that a sea voyage is a blank in one's existence, but I do not think so. I have much time for reflection. I think often of you all—and mourn and repent for my unfaithfulness towards you. I see now that I have lacked earnestness in my Master's service. I have not urged friends out of Christ to be reconciled to God as I ought to have done. I have not encouraged my Christian friends to press on with renewed alacrity

to win the prize. I have been content with very moderate attainments in the Christian course, and the thought presses home upon my conscience that my example in these respects may have had an injurious effect on others. These reflections have caused me deep abasement of soul, I have mourned and wept and prayed for pardon. Let me entreat all our dear family, who are called Christians, to be instant in season and out of season, to be faithful in urging others near and dear to us to flee to the ark of safety ere it be too late. Try to realize the shortness of time, the sure and certain approach of death, the solemnities of the judgment, and the duration of eternity. Oh ! may we be found watching when our Lord shall come ! I have frequent seasons of gloom, but I have also pleasant seasons when I feel as if the Lord was helping me through the mazes and tangled paths of my earthly pilgrimage. He leads me by the right hand of His righteousness, and what if some clouds do intervene ? There cannot be a rainbow without a cloud, and

"My soul were dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue
That, sweeping Heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

> Enough to feel
> That God indeed is good! even to know
> Without the gloomy clouds he could reveal
> No beauteous bow."

Yes, I wish you to know that I have many enjoyments, both spiritual and temporal. I do indeed often look back to home, and think how sweet are its smiles—how sweet have been all our household joys—how sure we were of each other's hearts—of each other's sympathy—but I boast a calling above this world's joys and endearments, and I do not look back to home wishing to return. Many difficulties are in my way, but I hope to be enabled to overcome them all through Him who has promised power to the faint, and an increase of might to them who have no strength.

Monday, 14*th*.—For the amusement of the children at both houses I will just say that we have had several flying fish on board, besides numbers about the ship. Yesterday morning one of the little birds called "Mother Cary's chickens" flew on the deck. The mate caught it and gave me an opportunity of examining it. Its color was a very dark lead, with a tuft on the head of a little lighter shade—a dark

and glossy bill like ebony with but one nostril and that on the top of the bill. Harriet has studied the history of birds, she must describe it more particularly to the smaller children. We looked at it very carefully and then let it go again to its home on the mountain wave. The sailors have a superstition that evil will befall the ship if one of these little birds should be killed. They may be seen at all times in sunshine and storm just skimming the sea-foam around the bows of the ship. When, or where they rest is unknown. This evening we saw some of the phosphorous sea-fires, but not enough to answer my expectations of the splendor of the ocean when illuminated by them. We hope to have a better opportunity of seeing them while we are in these latitudes.

December 17. *Lat.* 2° 4′ *North. Long.* 32° 35′ *West.*—We are getting near to the equator. The wind is unfavorable, and has been for some days. We have now splendid *star-light* evenings, and it affords us much enjoyment to trace out such objects as we are familiar with in the heavens, and notice their increased brightness. Last night the planet Jupiter appeared of surpassing brilliancy.

The reflection of it on the waves was almost like that of the new moon. For the first time I saw the Magellan clouds.

Some of the passengers rose very early this morning to get a sight of the Southern cross, visible in these latitudes.

Mrs. Hemans has some beautiful lines on the "cross of the South." They are not in her volumes, but among her fugitive pieces. S—— will be likely to recollect them. When I first learned to admire her verses, I little thought I should ever have an opportunity of seeing these stars.

It is the birthday of one of the Captain's children; I suppose he expects us to take wine on the occasion, as I notice the steward is placing wine glasses on the dinner table. It is very pleasant to hear him speak of his family, he loves them so much. I believe I have told you of his kind attentions to us. Dear S. was quite troubled lest I should be obliged to wash my face in salt water; I have had fresh water as yet, and think it likely I may be allowed it all the passage, as there is an abundant supply on board. We have been furnished with suitable accommoda-

tions for salt water bathing, and I find it very refreshing. For all these attentions we feel grateful to our good captain. He comes in to prayers every evening, and says that he hopes this voyage may do him good. Earnest supplications are continually offered on his behalf, and I do hope they may be accepted, through Jesus, and draw down a blessing upon him.

December 19*th. Lat.* 2° 52′. *Lon.* 30° 35′. —Wind still contrary. We are obliged to go northward again. The wind heads us off on every tack, making it impossible to get to the South. Attended the female prayer meeting this afternoon. It is very pleasant to meet at the same time with dear Christian friends in W., it is a precious privilege to pray for them, and may I not hope that they are praying for me ? I love to think that their prayers are mingling with ours before the mercy-seat. Let them think of *Him* who holds the *golden censer*, who offers the incense with the prayers of all saints upon the *golden altar* which is before the throne, (Rev. 8 : 3.) and so let them pray in faith.

Sabbath, *December* 20*th*.—Two sail in sight, one not very far off. Another pleasant Sab-

bath morning. Blest season! a day of rest on the sea, as well as on the land. On the lonely ocean, as well as at home, I hail thee with delight. Precious gift of God to man! If necessary before the creature had rebelled against his maker, how much more necessary now, when the poor tired soul, weary of a week of sinful strife and jarring passions, desires a little breathing space to look to its God, and "plume its wings for heaven." My soul would roll up all her earthly cares and lay them aside, while she strives to hold communion with God in the place where prayer is wont to be made.

Noon.—Mr. Dwight preached from the last verse of Ecclesiastes: "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." I think a more attentive audience could not be found than the deck of our goodly ship presents. I cannot but hope that the word may take effect, and that we may see some turning to the Lord from among those who are now strangers to him, and to the gracious provisions of his gospel. I have thought much of you, my dearly beloved mother, to-day,

and of the many pleasant Sabbaths we have passed together. I have so often sat at the window of my room in W. and looked out on the green to see the people collect for public worship. Some slowly winding their way on foot along the main road in detached groups, while the long shadows of the majestic sycamores protected them from the sun ; others more aged, or coming from a distance, riding in various conveyances ; children neatly attired, and looking so happy crossing the fields, perhaps with a Sabbath school book in hands ; good old Mr. P., venerable on account of his piety, as well as his years, bending over his staff and directing his feeble step towards the house of God. All these things are before me in their beauty this morning ; then to carry out the picture, I leave my room, meet my dear mother on the stairs, descending with difficulty, on reaching the parlor see from the window the "messenger of God" with his family treading the green sward, between his peaceful home and the doors of the sanctuary. The last tolling of the church-going bell, was the signal for us to mingle with the worshipers. Precious social Sabbaths ! ye have pass-

ed in all your loveliness from me, except as ye live in my memory.

" Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?"

In the afternoon Mr. Winslow and myself had a little season of prayer and private reading. You were all presented in the arms of faith to God, and a blessing sought. At evening, social prayer meeting in the cabin.

Monday 21.—Spoke a French ship this morning from South America bound to Bordeaux. Wind still contrary. Studied and recited as usual. I find it a serious thing to grapple with the difficulties of an oriental language. Nothing but the hope of increasing my usefulness in India would ever induce me to persevere. I feel the necessity of intense application while my opportunities are so good, and I have the happiness to hear from my teacher that we are likely to do very well in our first attempts. It occupies much time, and often when I would be writing to you all, I am obliged to pore over the Tamul books.

One other inducement to study is, that the preaching there is exclusively in that language, and if I would enjoy public worship I must endeavor to understand it.

Concert of prayer for the seamen attended in our cabin. Mr. W. met the sailors in the steerage.

Tuesday 22. *On the equator. Lon.* 32° 33′. —To-day crossed the equator, having sailed by log 4,584 miles since leaving the capes. We were happily exempt from all those heathenish rites and ceremonies which were once inflicted on all who first visited the southern hemisphere. We have pleasant weather, but are getting along slowly. Our passage, thus far, is rather monotonous. We scarcely see a bird or a fish to vary the sameness. Still it is a busy little world on board this ship. Thirty-four souls in one family, each having some kind of business or study, gives animation to the scene—perhaps as much as is necessary.

Our evenings are most delightful. I fear to weary you or I should tell you much of the brilliancy of tropical skies. To-night a magnificent sunset left masses of gorgeous clouds

in the west, near the edge of the horizon, while all above was an unclouded sky; just above the crimson vapor the new moon appeared, *a crescent of silver*, the whole circle was visible, while only the horn was light. A few degrees from it my favorite star Venus, gem-like and radiant, sparkled with more than diamond brightness, like a pure spirit sent to cast a pitying look on this sad world. How often have I gazed upon it at home from dear S's window, as it was seen just over the tops of the trees before it sunk behind the hills on the opposite side of the river. Then it was beautiful, but now far more so. We may enjoy these magnificent displays of God's handiwork almost at the same time with you; only that in New York you have so much of the world to attract, that the wonders of the skies above you are almost unnoticed. Here we are but a speck in the wide ocean; nothing to prevent our notice and deep admiration of these brilliant spheres. They have still the same beauty as at their first creation.

"There is no change above: Those orbs are still
As pure as when obedient to his will,
They rose from chaos, and arrayed in light,

Blazed out at noon, or sparkled on the night;
Tempests may rave, clouds blacken in the air,
But all is calm, and bright, and changeless there."

Thursday Evening, Dec. 24. 24 *miles south of the Equator. Christmas Eve.*—A happy Christmas to you all at W.,* and in my own dear native city. All my dear ones are before me in my waking dreams. H., C., J., my little S., H., and baby—the little improvisatore at Hudson, and the smiling infant—our own three little girls, forming together a bouquet of rose-buds—the memory of which is like the perfume of flowers ever remaining when their beautiful forms have passed away. Precious ones! I would kneel and present you to the skies, may you be led to give yourselves away to God early. "A flower when offered in the bud, is no vain sacrifice." Let me think of you as flowers of paradise, whom I shall one day meet around the throne of the Eternal.

Christmas Morning.—Winds are more favorable, skies very bright. Our company all well enough to assemble at the breakfast table; a vessel in sight, and the captain gives us the

* Westfield, the residence of her mother.

hope of soon seeing land on the Brazilian coast. I trust we are grateful for all these pleasant circumstances. We have welcomed in the Saviour's natal morn by singing the angels' song, (103d of the village hymns,) an appropriate passage of Scripture was read and thanksgivings offered by Mr. W., in behalf of all. Friends at home were not forgotten. While we were at worship, the vessel came near enough for the captain to speak her. She proved to be an English ship from Montivideo, bound to Havana. We have no recitation to-day; my thoughts are much at home. At these holiday seasons I am prone to look back, and live over again *past times*, especially the last summer. My first excursion in May, to Boston, was a very pleasant one. I was permitted to witness the departure of two missionary bands, *one* for the Mediterranean, and the *other* for *my island home*. I trust my faith was in a good degree strengthened by seeing the cheerfulness manifested by those who left at that time. Then I experienced very much kindness from friends, enjoyed the scenery about B. exceedingly; had an opportunity of seeing Mount Auburn in company with Gov-

ernor and Mrs. Armstrong, (whose kind attention to me will long be remembered ;) visited the celebrated battle ground at Bunker Hill, made to appear unusually interesting by our friend Mr. Stone's very accurate account of the positions of the contending troops; was indebted to the same gentleman for a view of much that was lovely in the environs of that delightful city. Had much pleasant intercourse with my husband's brothers and their families, and hope we can now say we love one another. On our return to New York received the affectionate greetings of dear relatives there, and had the happiness to find all well.

I do not forget the pleasant days I spent at N. Haven, Hartford, Williamstown, the affecting interview with the venerable Dr. Griffin, nor our solemn parting with our dear Joanna. After two weeks passed at Saratoga, we were again affectionately welcomed to N. York. Our next visit was to Westfield, and for the last time. I will not speak of my feelings while there. Tender chords would be touched were I to attempt to tell of the suppressed tears and sighs, of the silent looks of love, of the affecting prayers, of the farewell meetings, of the

kindness of the dear minister, of the sympathy of friends, of the bustle of preparation on the last sad morning, and of the mournful feelings with which I visited every part of the house for the last time. Our dear mother accompanied us to N. York, and what a happiness it was to have her with me the last few weeks; still it often seems like a troubled dream. I did not say half I wished to, fearing that excess of emotion on my part might lead her to suppose that I had regrets on account of leaving my native land. She saw me sometimes much dispirited, but it was the great pressure of cares in reference to our preparations. I think I was never left even for a moment to wish to retrace my steps. No, I have ever been thankful to my heavenly Father that He has seen fit to open a way for me to go, and I do trust that He has all things ready for me, and that I may be usefully and happily employed in His service. I go with no romantic expectations of doing much in a little time, and much more than my predecessors have done. I do go expecting to deny myself, to labor without seeing much fruit, to toil, my little remnant of life, far from home, and far

from the graves of my fathers ; and at last to lay me down for the sleep of death among a heathen people, and surrounded by those who know little of our attachments to consecrated tombs. You will all recollect how much I was interested, two years ago, in having a new fence around our family burial place, and how happy I was the morning I rode over on horseback to see it completed. Then I fondly hoped, when all life's cares were over, to lay my head on its last rest within that little enclosure ; and that over me the grass-green sod would flourish sweetly. But what matters it where this poor body rests so that the soul is but safe ?

"Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into the dust."

Whenever that command shall come, may I be found ready, waiting, willing, happy to quit earth's scenes for a rest on high ; and there let us all strive to meet. Let us daily examine ourselves, and see whether we are in the faith, whether we have the manifestations of the Spirit that we are the children of God. As-

sured of our peace being made, it will be sweet to die ; just as well to lie under the feathery foliage of the Indian tamarind or palm, as under the trees of our own loved home. The sound of the Archangel and the trump of God will reach us even there. His elect shall be gathered from the four winds. At that solemn day may you, dearest mother, be seen on the right hand of the Judge ; and oh ! may you be able to say, here Lord, am I, and the children thou hast given me, *not one missing*. But to return to my retrospections—leaving dear mother with her children, we prepared for our farewell visit to H.—the home of my beloved brother. A very precious Sabbath was spent there, we mingled our prayers and our tears ; with full hearts we bade adieu to the precious little ones, imprinted again and again the parting kiss on the lips of our sweet and precious sister. Never can I forget her last look from eyes blinded by her tears. She is very dear to our hearts ; may we live in her recollections as tenderly as she in ours. My brother, and dear Henry* accompanied us to

* Rev. Henry Scudder, son of Dr. S., now missionary at Madras.

the bank of the river where we waited for the steam-boat. There I took leave of my darling Henry, not expecting to see him again. My brother engaged to witness our embarkation at Philadelphia ; so that I left him with hope of once again seeing him. I gazed with intense feeling on the magnificent scenery about H., knowing that in all human probability it was for the last time. There was something in it that accorded with my soul's sadness, the sere and yellow leaf, the brown and barren sides of the mountains, the houses stript of their shades by the late autumnal winds, standing out in full relief; all spoke of change and decay, and seemed to warn me against setting my affections on things belonging to earth, so mutable, so liable to pass from us at any moment. Joys of earth, soon we must bid you farewell, but joys of heaven ye are eternal. Much does it become us to look upward, to strive to press onward to those things which are before. It was pleasant to be again with dear mother and sisters, around the cheerful fire at evening, and tell of all the tender love and kindness experienced at H. From that period until our departure it was a bustling scene ; I saw

many dear friends, and received many touching proofs of affection. Gradually the bands of love for my dear family seemed drawn tighter and tighter around my heart. I trembled, and sometimes feared that my faith might fail. I was weak but God was mighty; I looked to Him. You know but little of my mental struggles, the darkness of the night covered much of them. Parting with Mr. W's *dear little ones* was not the least of my trials. I felt as if they ought to be *my charge*, *my care*, and that I was giving up a precious trust, but I will not speak of this dispensation any farther than to say—how thankful I am that such kind and faithful guardians were, as we trust, chosen of God for them. At last the eventful morning came which was to separate me from home. I had intended to pass most of it with my dear mother in retirement, but it could not be. Other friends felt that they had claims, and I was in a crowd, but all is indelibly fixed in my memory, every article in the room, my mother's image seated in the crimson velvet rocking chair, her dress, her looks of love. Ah! how fresh, how vived, dear brother* David's parting

* A brother-in-law.

prayer; my mother's blessing uttered in the most thrilling and affectionate tones, all are embalmed in my memory. Dear sister S., such tenderness as I felt for her, and her precious children; words are idle to shadow forth my feelings; ye know, beloved ones, all I would say. How did we get the strength to say farewell? come it did the parting moment. I cannot trust myself to say much of it. The last accents of my dear friends are ever with me. That sweetly whispered word "live for Christ," will never leave me; I seem to hear it yet, and my dear sister's thrilling "once more," as she turned again and again to embrace me. The last sight I had of you was the morning of the 17th; I stood on the deck of the ship and you on the shore, and although the waters were between us I could distinguish each loved form; saw distinctly the waving of the handkerchief, but most touching of all was the faint cry of my sweet children, borne to me as it was over the waters. It reached my inmost soul; I stretched out my arms in vain, I could no longer embrace them. The sound of those voices was like music for the dead, pleasant yet mournful to the soul. From all

those dear familiar faces I have turned away to find my path along the mighty waters, and in the hope of one day setting my foot on heathen shores. I exchange the towering mountains, noble forests, and fertile vales of America, for the burning and arid plains of India. But I have a noble object before me, is it not worth all? Say ye who love me, was it not a happy thing that the way was made plain before my face? Are you not willing that I should add *one* to the *few* who are now in the field which is white for the harvest? If you cannot now rejoice in it, I trust you will hereafter.

CHAPTER III.

Monday, Dec. 28th. Off Pernambuco, Lat. 8° 5′ south. Long. 35° 20′.—The last two or three days have been so pleasant, so exciting, that I can scarcely refrain from wishing you were with us, that you might share our enjoyments. If you were here you would no longer say that there are no pleasures connected with the sea.

On Saturday morning we heard the cry of *land ho!* about daylight. I rose, dressed in haste and went on deck. The land in sight was the island of Fernando Noronho, lat. 3° 55′, long. 32° 35′, a few leagues east of the coast of Brazil. The appearance of the eastern shore of this island is very remarkable owing to the very uneven surface. It appears to be a vast pile of naked rocks of almost every shape, churches, pagodas, ruins of most fantastic forms; one immense peak towering far above the rest, and leaning considerably to the eastward, has the form of an insulated round

tower. Seamen call it the pyramid. A heavy surf was beating and bursting against these barriers of nature, and was thrown violently back again in splendid jets of sea-foam. Not a tree or the least sign of vegetation was to be seen all along the coast. The island is about ten miles long and two and a half broad. It is inhabited by exiles from the coast of Brazil; has strong fortifications along the shore which we could plainly see. Picturesque as it was, it was still a lone and sterile rock in mid ocean, and prison-like indeed. They have sometimes no rain for two years, and of course the rivulets dry up, and they have to depend on the well within the fortifications for the whole supply of the island. Some fruit is found in the interior, and black cattle, sheep, poultry, melons and corn are produced. I took a hasty sketch as we passed which I send. Although considered very like *one view*, it conveys but little idea of the various and constantly changing views presented. Strange bright birds hovered about us, and appeared as if disposed to alight, but the murderous gun was soon pointed at them; and one or two fell bleeding on the water, while the others wheeled

their easy flight to their home on the breast of the lone and sea-beat rock.

Saturday evening closed in upon us and brought the hour for our social meeting. Sabbath morning in its turn dawned pleasantly and peacefully, while with grateful hearts we assembled as usual to worship God under the glorious canopy of the cerulean sky. Mr. Winslow addressed us from the words "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The other exercises of the day as usual. At eight o'clock we walked on the deck to relieve a head-ache which was troubling me, and as we stopped a moment to gaze at the brilliant heavens, we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. McEwen. They entered into a religious conversation, and we enjoyed an hour thus spent very much. Mr. W. had been giving us some practical hints (in regard to missionary labor) at the meeting in the early part of the evening, and they were anxious to have him follow it out more fully. I trust we were all profited by his remarks.

The captain spoke of his expectations of seeing Pernambuco early in the morning, and prepared to sound. We had about twenty-five

fathoms water. Could not yet see the lighthouse. I had a few hours sleep in the early part of the night, rose at half-past three and accompanied my husband to the deck to get a view of the light, which could now plainly be seen. I had long been very desirous of seeing the *southern cross*, and now had that pleasure. It was much as I had supposed from descriptions I had had of it. The stars on the points of the cross of a most dazzling brightness ; the connecting star very dim. As the day dawned we were again gratified with the sight of land. Our letters were all ready, and we had nothing to do but gaze and enjoy it. Soon we were near enough to distinguish the city of Pernambuco. It lies quite open to the sea ; a fine sand beach extends for miles along the coast with an opening in front of this place, forming the harbor. A number of ships were in port, and one large ship was seen in the offing. Captain Dolby sent off our boat with the letters to the American consul, (John R. Manning,) with a request that he would forward them by the first opportunity to the United States. While we stood off and on to wait the return of our boat, the captain of the ship in the offing

came on board. The ship's name *Orbit*, out forty-one months from Nantucket on a whaling voyage, now returning home full of oil. It was too late to call back our letters which had gone to the shore, so we wrote a hasty line to dear brother S., and gave to captain Gardner. He left us and on reaching his own ship sent us a barrel of oranges and two fine melons. We had great pleasure in presenting him in return a little jar of dear mother's preserves, and a volume of "Memoirs of Harlan Page."

As we neared the town, and objects became more distinct, it was almost enchanting to see for the first time tropical scenery in all its richness of verdure. The ground about the city appears finely undulated. On an eminence stands the bishop's palace, surrounded by cocoa-nut and other trees, while groves of the same beautiful cocoa-nut were to be seen in all parts of the environs. White convents were scattered here and there contrasting finely with the various hues of green about them.

The city contains 75,000 inhabitants. We saw fine churches adorned with magnificent steeples and cupolas, of which Mr. W. counted fourteen ; the houses were mostly white with

red tiled roofs. Several boats were in the offing, some of most singular construction ; one came very near us so that I had a good opportunity to examine it. It was about fifteen feet in length, composed of seven logs lashed together, a seat raised quite high at each end, with a pole for a mast which may be raised or lowered at pleasure. The sea washes over them continually, still two or three men will manage to keep on one of these frail machines and venture quite out to sea, in pursuit of fish and for other purposes. Just before our dinner hour a boat came off from the shore, laden with fine fruit, and bringing two of Captain Dolby's old friends as visitors. As the boat came along side, it was indeed pleasant to look down upon her cargo. Four hundred oranges were in the centre in bulk, and around them a large quantity of bananas or plantains. Also cocoa-nuts, some fine melons, cucumbers, fresh eggs, and to crown all two or three dozen of the finest pine apples I ever saw, with all their long green leaves upon them. I am sure I enjoyed the sight of all this rich fruit together as much or more than I shall the taste. Capt. D. has a most generous spirit.

He announced his determined arrangement to purchase the fruit on his own account (intending it more for our comfort than his own however). I feel as if he were doing almost too much for us. His friends came on board and spent a half hour or so; as they left us and dropped astern, our colors were hauled down, and a cannon fired at the same moment, quite in "man-of-war" style. I had my dinner of cucumbers and bread, and a fine dessert of melons. Having thrown together these few words to let you know of our happiness, I am now about going on deck to take my last look of the shores of America, and then we set our faces toward the heathen, no more to see aught of that vast continent on which we first drew breath. It is good to leave it under such pleasant circumstances. I have greatly admired the view we have had of this part of the coast, and especially of this fine city, but it is melancholy to think of its moral desolation—of the human mind being so enslaved by the superstitions of the Romish church. A cloud seems to have settled on all this part of the western world, which can only be dissipated by the beams of the Sun of Righteous-

ness. The Lord reigneth and blessed be His name. He will turn and overturn, and one day all nations shall serve Him.

Thursday, December 31st. Lat. 14° 20′ *South. Long.* 36° 5′ *West.*—Some days have elapsed since I have entered a line in my journal. Much time was spent in gratifying curiosity while we were about the land, and I have found it necessary to redeem it by increased attention to reading, &c., and that is my reason for writing nothing since Monday for my dear friends—dearer since I have left them. My heart seems enlarged, and to have greater capacity to love them. I seem to enjoy you all still in a high degree even though so far removed from you. I love to dwell in thought on each loved one—on your long and unwearied kindness to me at all times—on our pleasant family meetings *with dear mother for the nucleus, we* the radiating points. Ah, that dear mother! on this last day of the year I am sure she is thinking of her absent children. What an eventful year have we passed! One of the happy circle broken off and cast on the waters no more to meet you until our eyes shall have closed on all terrestrial things. I

think much more of death and things beyond the grave than when I was with you. My dearest mother is in all human probability not far from her home in the skies. For the sake of her children and friends it would seem desirable that her valuable life might be prolonged, but we cannot expect a very protracted existence in connection with continued pain and suffering. Her mildness and patience are often the subject of my thoughts, and oh! that her almost perfect example may not be lost on her children. Cherish her with fondest love, my sisters, as you have ever done, for

> "Not long her voice among you may be heard,
> Her day is almost done;
> The charm now lingering in her look and word
> Is that which hangs about the setting sun;
> That which the weakness of decay hath won
> Still from revering love."

You will know *one day* how I feel about this dear mother, but *that day* will be the one in which you will write yourself *motherless*. There is such a hallowed tenderness connected with the very mention of her name as I can never express. Tears are ever ready to flow at any, even distant reference to her. Ah! how

little the world know what is meant by "forsaking father and mother, sister and brother," but my Saviour knows, and will take note of every pang borne for his sake. To His care I commit all. I strive to roll my burdens on His gracious arm—to be meekly submissive, nay more, to *be cheerful*. I should like much to know how you *are to night all of you.*

I will tell you a little of our New Year's eve on ship-board. At the close of the day Mr. Winslow invited me on deck to see the last sun of 1835 sink into its ocean bed. I was much gratified with the view of the glorious pageantry of golden and yellow clouds gathered about the setting sun, that "wonderful chronometer of days and years." Long lines of wavy light fell on the edges of the violet colored clouds for half an hour after the sun disappeared. A sudden shower drove us below. After our evening meal the conversation naturally turned to past scenes of 1835. It was proposed that each one of the brethren should give some little account of his peregrinations, as they had all been travelers more or less. I was both interested and amused. Each one felt emotions of gratitude that God

had dealt so kindly in preparing the way for them to go to the heathen. We sang "loving kindness," had two prayers and adjourned.

The Captain called us to-day to see a water-spout and whirlwind. The spout made very finely although at considerable distance from us. I will not describe it as it is something you know all about except just seeing it, (and I suppose you are none of you at all ambitious of such a privilege if you must go to sea for it,) but it is quite an event with us, where every thing that tends to break the monotony of the day is worth something. We had a cannon fired at eight this evening, and there is to be one at twelve and one at day-light. Whence comes this rejoicing over the flight of time? It may be intended, not as rejoicing however, but as a sort of funeral honor paid to the departing year. You know there is much noise on these occasions at home, and this may be done in imitation. I have not inquired.

CHAPTER IV.

January 1*st*, 1836.—A happy New Year to all whom I love. It has been a pleasant day on ship-board. Some hours have been set apart to think of and pray for dear friends in America. The weather is very warm, thermometer at 85. Wind very light, and the air in our cabin quite confined. We had fine water melons and pine apples after dinner to-day. I could not avoid thinking of you, most likely sitting about a large fire, and using all means to keep warm, while we were but just able to keep cool by the aid of fans, &c. I find it difficult to realize that it is now mid-winter at home, and that I am no more to feel the cold, no more to see snow falling, or ice making. After our afternoon reading in the cabin I went on deck and read a half hour with my husband, saw the sun set in splendor scarcely to be conceived of by you—watched the glory left by his last rays until called to tea. After tea sung an hour with the others,

and then sat on deck or rather in the jolly-boat for another hour as it was so warm in the cabin—thought and talked of home, sung the "Bower of Prayer," and left the deck with regret to come below at nine. Such an evening—not a cloud to be seen. A moon near the full, casting such smiles on the tiny waves as are beyond all description for beauty. We have traced these long brilliant lines of light, sometimes continuous and then broken into small fragments like molten silver or shining strings of pearls until we were lost in admiration. I am thankful that Mr. W. has a taste for the beauties of creation, for certainly I have much more delight by participating with him. We are never weary of these enjoyments, but I very much fear I shall weary you in writing so much of them. You must consider however that they make all our prospect. We have usually no variety, except as *some evenings and some sunsets* are more glorious than others.

Saturday, Jan. 2d.—The weather continues to be very warm, no wind. The gentlemen are going off in the jolly-boat to see how the ship looks and to get a little exercise by row

ing. They have returned and brought back a "Portuguese Man-of-War" for us to see. These little creatures are very beautiful when examined closely—not only beautiful but very curious. Its little sail is composed of bony fibres covered with a thin filmy substance of transparent blue. The body of the fish is just a round piece of blubber with a number of long roots, of a pink color, hanging down and floating even with the water's edge, over this rises the tiny sail, which appears to guide all its motions. I would sketch its form, but could give you little idea of its colors or its transparency.

After the heat of the day was over, I had as usual my hour on deck to watch the sun setting, and never have I seen any thing more glorious. All agreed that this sky was unrivaled for splendor and variety of colors. I will not now attempt a description, but will give you an impromptu thrown upon paper at the moment of excitement and in the midst of many voices and much confusion. It may please dear mother, as she views every thing of mine with a partial eye, and this needs all

the indulgence she usually extends to my performances.

There's beauty in the heavens to-night, beyond the glare of
day,
There's beauty in the heavens to-night to cheer our lonely
way.
Ah! would I could portray in words the various hues of
light
Shed by the sun's departing rays, leaving the world in night.
Rich draperies of gorgeous clouds attend his parting beam,
While islets of a *fancied world* far o'er the waters gleam.
A lake of molten gold seems spread to charm our ravished
sight,
There *fancy* paints, to dreaming minds, a world of spirits
bright
Where care nor pain can e'er annoy—where sorrow ne'er
can come;
And bids us flee away from earth to seek that island home.
Far to the East, on snowy clouds, fair *Luna* sheds her light,
Her milder beauties now are ours, 'mid sparkling gems of
night.
There's beauty all about us now, in ocean, clouds, and sky,
Then let our thoughts ascend in joy to Him who dwells on
high.
He's brought us safely on our way, and knit our hearts in
love,
As children of one family, bound to our home above.
Our souls be filled with gratitude for blessings by the way,
Each striving to fulfill the charge of "*working while 'tis
day.*"
May we go on in peace and love, one object still in view,
To *live for Christ* and trust in Him to bear us safely through.

Sabbath.—Mr. McEwen preached for us this morning—a new year's sermon from the parable of the fig-tree. All the seamen were present. We hope that their privileges may be blest to them. It would seem that for them prayer is made "unceasing." My faith is at times very strong in the promises, and again I am cast into the depths of despondency. I know that we are not faithful as we ought to be, but God giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and we may yet look to Him. The Captain appears to be anxious at times and confesses his sinfulness and his need of a new heart. All the return we can make to him for his constant kindness to us, is to pray earnestly for him. We are strongly desirous for the conversion of all those on board this ship who are now strangers to God. *They* have great privileges this voyage, and we feel that *we* have great responsibilities. Our subject for discussion, this evening, was the best method of improving time. Much was said in relation to it, and our duties were laid before us in a plain and forcible manner. I hope to be benefited by the remarks.

Monday, January 4th. Lat. 20° 32′ *South.*—In the midst of the ocean and under a tropical sky, we have felt it to be our duty and our privilege to unite with the churches at home in prayer and fasting for the conversion of the world. Mr. Winslow drew out a plan, and submitted it, that each one of the brethren should consider a certain part of the missionary field as his to lecture upon for a short time, and for which he should offer prayer. For instance, one taking India, another the isles of the sea, &c., should state all he knew respecting missionary operations, and what advantages each portion of the globe offered for the introduction of the Gospel. A number of interesting facts were mentioned and fervent prayers were offered for the heathen, also for the churches of Christendom. A good spirit seemed to pervade our little company. Our cabin is now (just after tea) very warm, and Mr. Winslow has gone to propose to the Captain that we should hold our usual Monthly Concert on deck, and here he comes with a cordial acquiescence.

Evening, 10 *o'clock.*—I wish to give you some little idea of the scene on our ship's

deck to-night, but fear that you will get but a faint impression from my pen of the first prayer meeting I have ever attended under like circumstances. We had a smooth sea—by this I do not mean a calm, but a light breeze with no swell or rolling of waves, only a slight curling of the waters. Over our heads an unclouded sky, spangled here and there, with a few of the most brilliant of the stars, "those living eyes of heaven," the light of which could not be obscured by the superior light of the moon just past the full, and which hung above us like a globe of silver beaming gladness on the gazer's eye, and illuminating objects ever so minute about us, and throwing her pathway of light from the edge of the horizon to our noble ship which occupied the centre of the wide sea. Every sail was set to catch the light winds which were playing about us. Seats were arranged as usual. We had no expectation that the sailors would be present, but when all was ready Captain Dolby invited them to come aft, and every seat was soon filled. As the moon-beams fell on their weather-beaten faces and brought into view their earnest expression of interest in what

was about to be the exercises of the evening, I could not avoid shedding tears. My heart was full. Ocean, sky and air, seemed suited to our feelings.

> "I've seen the moon gild the mountain's brow,
> I've watched the mist o'er the river stealing,
> But ne'er did I feel in my breast till now,
> So deep, so calm, so holy a feeling."

And I believe there was but one sentiment pervading the company. Mr. Winslow rose and stated the object of our meeting and then attempted to pray. His prayer was one burst of thanksgiving. With an overflowing heart he gave out the Missionary Hymn, and it was sung with enthusiasm, after which others followed in prayer and familiar addresses, and closed by singing 117th Psalm, "From all that dwell below the skies." I thought of my dear brothers who are in the ministry,* J. and D. How many monthly concerts they have attended with far less to encourage them, while here, on the lonely sea, the poor sailor seemed so happy, so interested, to feel himself

* The one her only brother, the other a brother by marriage.

so privileged in being allowed to attend. It was delightful, I felt desirous that all should praise God for his goodness to us; and I do think that the churches at home have been praying for us to-day.

Saturday, January 9th. Lat. 28° 14′. *Long.* 28° 30′.—Since I have been on the sea, I think often of departed friends "not lost but gone before." Often, very often of our dear elder brother, whose grave was made in the stormy waters. I gaze on the hollow sounding and mysterious ocean until I almost lose all consciousness of what is about me. I think of the vast treasures within its bosom, but what are its pale glistening pearls, its riches of gold and gems, what are these compared with the hearts it has entombed? I could almost say with the poet,

"Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song,
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own.
To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flows thy tide o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
Yet must thou have a voice—Restore the dead;
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,
Restore the dead thou sea."

The sea shall give up its dead, and uncover the spoils of its vast treasure-house in the great day when all shall appear. No matter where death meets us, or where our bodies are destined to lie, whether the booming waters roar above us, or we sleep peacefully under the green sod, the summons will reach us, and the great question with our souls should be, Are we ready for that day? Blessed be God for the continuance of life and health, and for prolonged opportunities of preparing for death and judgment.

Sabbath, Jan. 10th.—It is worthy of remark that our Sabbaths thus far are all pleasant enough to have worship on deck. The mate says "we are sure of good weather on Sunday if it should rain all the week." Although *we* do not feel sure of it, we are very happy to welcome in the Sabbath morn under favorable circumstances as the seamen have then an opportunity of attending worship. Mr. Campbell addressed us to-day from the words

"Come with us and we will do you good." All present but the cook and stewards. In the afternoon, Bible-class. Meeting at sunset in our own room. Evening subject for discussion, *tenderness of conscience.* A sail in sight. Went to bed thankful for the privileges of the day.

Monday, January 11*th. Lat.* 28° 47′.—Very little wind this morning. The ship seen last evening now quite near us with English flag flying. Immediately after breakfast a boat was discovered putting off from her and coming towards us. As you may suppose we were all on the *qui vive* to see her as she came alongside. Our side-ladder and man-ropes were soon rigged and all of us on the quarter-deck to receive the strangers. They proved to be the Captain of the ship and one gentleman passenger. The ship was the *Mona* from Liverpool bound to Calcutta, out fifty-two days. We had a pleasant visit from them, and a fine view of the vessel, as we are nearly side and side. She is about the same tonnage as ours, is built after the model of one of our Liverpool packets (the Europe), has bright sides and appears much like an American

ship. Her figure head was very beautiful, as also the carving about her stern. After remaining on board an hour or more our visitors left us, accompanied by Mr. Campbell, Mr. Winslow, and Capt. D. They have not yet returned. While the boat was alongside of our ship the sailors were supplied with Bibles, tracts, &c. Every opportunity is embraced by the brethren to disseminate the word of life among that vast company who "go down to the sea in ships." The gentlemen do not yet return. It is raining violently, and they may be detained on this account, or it is just possible they may like the Englishmen so well as to remain to dinner with them. Their excursion will be less pleasant than if it had continued fair weather. They went hoping to do some good. Mr. Campbell has some knowledge of surgery, and one of the sailors on board the English ship has his arm injured, and his visit was solicited on that account. Mr. Winslow will be likely to improve the opportunity in a religious point of view, as that is the end for which he desires to live.

Our friends have returned bringing English newspapers, and expressing much pleasure in

their visit. They were pressed to stay to dinner but declined, fearing we might be anxious. Since dinner the sailors have caught a very large fish (Boneta), the first large fish taken since we have been at sea. It is of beautiful shades when dying, not so varied colors nor so finely formed as the dolphin however. Evening,—had the fish for supper. I was imprudent enough to partake of it for which I suffered, being ill all the evening. It proved to be not so good as fish caught in shallow waters, being much coarser in quality.

Tuesday. Lat. 30° 8′. *Long.* 25° 31′. —The weather is very pleasant this morning, and the English ship still in company. Agreeably to an invitation given yesterday her Captain and passengers are expected here to dine. This looking for company has produced a little excitement. It is very pleasant to have the ship sailing with us for days, as from our speed being pretty nearly equal we are quite likely to. I wish however to have my mind diverted as little as possible from study, for with all my diligence I get on but slowly and I feel that I have much to learn.

Evening.—We have had our visitors,

(Capt. Gell, Mr. Lyons, and Mr. Bates,) and were quite interested in them. They left us at 7 o'clock expressing their pleasure again and again in meeting us, and being able to pay a social visit on the high seas. Mr. Lyons said the last two days he should count among the happiest of his life. We parted with mutual good wishes. Soon after reaching their own ship, a very beautiful blue light was burnt as a compliment to us. I did not see it having retired to my room just before. Capt. Gell sent an English cheese to Mrs. Campbell and myself with a very kind note. Probably the reason we were selected as the recipients of his bounty was that Mr. W. and C. were both on board the Mona the first day and had rather more intercourse with him than any of the others. Not one of the three gentlemen were pious. We felt desirous of doing them good by speaking of serious things, and I think some words were dropped by the Missionaries, which may prove words in season fitly spoken.

Wednesday.—Very strong favorable winds. Ship going at the rate of 11½ miles an hour, rolling so much as to make it very diffi-

cult to write. The Mona still in sight, but far behind us. She does not equal our ship in speed owing to her being heavily laden. Our evening prayer meeting as usual. Subject for conversation, *Duty and efficacy of prayer*. Many just and apposite remarks were made by the brethren, and some new thoughts suggested.

Thursday, January 14*th*. *Lat*. 33° 46′. *Long*. 21° 5′.—Our fine wind still continues. The Mona no longer to be seen. We are again the only speck in all this great and wide sea. A noise was heard on the deck while we were at prayer this morning, and as soon as we had finished our devotions, we were invited up to see a fine large porpoise just caught. It is the first one I have ever seen out of the water. The skin is very smooth and veined like dark gray marble, eyes very small, no scales. We have some little variety almost every day. We have now been out fifty-four days, reckoning from the Capes, have sailed 7,150 miles, 217 the last twenty-four hours.

Friday.—The last twenty-four hours have given us 227 miles distance. We have had rolling enough and feel much inclined to sea-sickness. A dizzy head and weakened eyes prevent my

writing much at this time. Spoke the ship Black Warrior this afternoon from Boston, fifty-five days out, bound to New South Wales. We were very near her, so near that the two commanders held quite a conversation. It is rather remarkable that we have opportunity to speak so many vessels. There is a feeling almost like melancholy in meeting and parting with these persons. We are all bound on the voyage of life and our port is eternity. We are never to meet here again. Shall we meet them after this voyage of life is past? Meet to rejoice evermore? Alas! in most cases there is but little hope. Seamen are too generally among those who neglect preparation for death—at least very many are not in the way of religious instruction, and go on their whole lives forgetting God and lightly esteeming the Rock of Ages. None have a better opportunity to see the wonders of the Lord. None have more cause to seek His protection, and to feel their dependence. Christians have been strangely forgetful of this wandering class, these lonely beings who often spend more than half their lives separated from the haunts of men. They have been out of mind, have been

neglected—but happier days are now dawning upon them. Concerts of prayer are held in various places—the Bible and tract are placed within their reach, and the Bethel flag floats o'er many a chapel. A "brighter age" is soon to dawn for them as well as for us, and happy are those who have opportunity to help on that *day* when the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea." Then

"While the ocean-storm in thunder raves;
And piping winds sigh 'mong the deep-toned waves;
Hark from amid the gloom and stunning roar,
Sounds the sweet hymn of pious mariner.
That awful ocean then no frowns shall wear;
Nor life devour, when God's the guardian there.
No rock the wary mariner shall fear;
No breakers pour the death-cry on his ear,
No chart misguide—no quicksand dash his bark,
Safe shall it ride as once the sheltered ark."

CHAPTER V.

Saturday. Lat. 34° 54′. *Long.* 14° 43′. —You may notice by the difference of longitude and latitude how we get along. Wind again rather light. We are expecting soon to see land, islands in the Southern ocean near which we are. I am not well to-day, and merely take my pen to tell you where we are.

Monday, January 18th.—The Sabbath passed away peacefully and pleasantly as usual. Religious exercises in the morning conducted by Mr. Dwight. Bible class in the afternoon by Mr. Winslow, one of the most interesting lessons we have had. Question for consideration in the evening, "What is it to lay up treasure in heaven?" Just at sunset *land was discovered.* We had been expecting to see it, as we knew we were near the Tristan d'Acunha Isles. Several whales spouting about the ship and large masses of the animalculæ, on which they feed, seen in all directions, giving to the water the appearance of being streaked with

blood. Some were drawn up in a bucket and we examined them through a microscope. The group of islands near which we are consists of three. The largest bears the name Tristan d'Acunha, the second in size is Inaccessible, the smallest Nightingale. We were off the largest at sunrise this morning. My first view of it was most striking, it partook almost of sublimity. The morning was misty, but not enough so to prevent my being first on deck to see this immense mountain rising out of the sea, curtained with dark and heavy clouds concealing the summit which is said to be 8,360 feet above the level of the sea. Owing to its great height, it appeared much nearer than it was in reality, seeming almost to overhang our vessel. Two ships were close in under the land, one of which was soon ascertained to be the Mona (our old English friend), the other was a whale ship from Newport, out four months and a half. We were soon recognized by the Mona, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from both ships gave notice of mutual pleasure in again meeting. They sent us word that they had the Governor of the Island on board their ship, and that we

might expect a visit from him. We forgot, for a moment, that he was lord only of a rock in the sea, with but forty-six inhabitants all told, and could scarcely conceal any astonishment when he came, soon after, along side of our ship, with coarse trowsers, striped shirt, and woolen cap, no shoes. You must picture to yourselves the scene as he stepped on our deck. All the ladies surrounding him, the gentlemen looking over our shoulders asking him questions more rapidly than he could answer them. The substance of the interrogatories and answers I will give you, but I cannot throw before you the old man's interesting physiognomy nor his simplicity of manner. His name, he told us, was Samuel Glass, a Scotchman by birth—he was married at the Cape of Good Hope—had been twenty years on this island, possessed all the authority, acted as lawyer, physician, and minister, held worship regularly on the Sabbath, on which occasion he read the service of the English Church, and usually one of Burder's Village Sermons. He performs the marriage ceremony and instructs the children (of whom there are about thirty in the colony) in reading, writing, &c. He

stated that they were a happy people, but that there were some unruly spirits among them, whom they were obliged to punish at times in a very summary way, by obliging them to wear a halter about the neck or by whipping. He expressed a wish for Bibles, tracts, &c., which were immediately prepared for him, and then turning to the ladies he said, "Some things for the women and the babies would be very acceptable." You may be sure we felt great pleasure in collecting something for this interesting old patriarch to carry to his flock. In the little bundle I prepared for him was your *blue calico loose dress*, dear S., so you must now think of it, as in all probability the gala dress of the Lady of the Governor of the Tristan d'Acunha isles. I know it would please you to have me bestow it thus. I was much, very much pleased with the intelligence and simple-heartedness, if I may so express it, of the old man. There was a dignity about him, notwithstanding his unseemly garb, arising, probably, from his having so long been in authority. After a visit of some length he left us followed by our prayers and good wishes. As he took my hand at parting I

spoke a few words to him of a serious nature. His fine clear gray eye filled with tears. He dashed them aside with his hand and exclaimed, "I shall never forget this. We often see India ships, full of passengers, but I never saw a company going on such an errand as you are."

This old man is the father of twelve children. His eldest daughter is married to a man from New Hampshire, by the name of Samuel Johnson, who came to this island three years ago, and as the *father* expressed it, an exchange was made by giving a son of the old man to take his place in the ship which brought him, while he remained to become the husband of the daughter. This son, of whom he spoke, had been six years at school at the Cape of Good Hope, and on his return was not willing to handle the spade in this lonely isle. I asked Johnson if he was contented to remain here after having lived from the time of his birth to his twentieth year in the United States. He smiled, said he was happy, but hoped to go back some years hence to America. There was the *hope* lingering in his heart, the love of country, which clings to most of us as long

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as life lasts. The island is situated in Latitude 37° 6′ South, Longitude 12° 3′ West. The greatest height I have given you. It is formed of abrupt hilly ridges, with chasms or deep valleys between them, and is supposed to be of volcanic origin—was first discovered by the Portuguese in 1670. The largest of the group, (and the only one inhabited) is five or six miles in extent, of a square form, and somewhere about fifteen miles in circumference. The summit, generally covered with snow, may be seen at a great distance. The interior of the island abounds with goats and wild hogs—in the cultivated parts they have pasturage for a few cows, sheep and hogs. They raise some poultry. Cabbages, potatoes, and celery are the principal vegetables of which we hope to obtain a supply as our boat has gone to the shore. We are now expecting her soon. I leave my pen to join the company on deck who are watching for her, and will try to give you the closing account of this interesting day before I sleep.

The boat returned bringing a supply of cabbages, poultry, and, what is better than all, a *pan of fresh butter*. They caught a pen-

guin on the shore and brought it off alive. We have had much amusement in seeing this curious bird. You have often heard uncle John describe them. The Governor's boat also has come off again with some supplies, and some specimens of the lava of which the island appears to be composed. I have been much gratified with the near view of the island. The sides of the rock are covered with verdure of such a varied nature as to resemble the shadings of green velvet, richly figured. Several small cascades were seen tumbling down the sides of the mountain. On the lowlands near the shore are a few stone cottages, white-washed, and the lawns in front are dotted with sheep and lambs. We could see them distinctly from the ship. I can say, with Bishop Heber, "that I find two circumstances for which at sea I was by no means prepared, that we have no great time for study, and that for me at least, there is so much which interests and occupies me, that I have no apprehensions of time hanging heavy on my hands." You will see by this day's events, as well as former ones, that the tedium of the voyage has been often enlivened. Where the mind depends

much on external objects for amusement, a sea voyage will be sufficiently dull in most cases, but ours has, thus far, had variety enough.

20th.—Weather quite cold in these high south latitudes. I am glad to put on warm clothing and keep below. We shall probably have it thus until we pass the cape.

I find dark clothes do best on shipboard; not that light dresses are not pleasant, but one cannot appear neat in them but a few hours, whereas, a dark calico may be worn a week with decency, sometimes longer. On the Sabbath I make it an invariable rule to dress in such garments as I do not wear on other days; sometimes a silk, sometimes a light dress, which is laid aside at night for the next Sabbath. I love to have the day distinguished here. I prepare every thing on Saturday afternoon the same as at home—place the clean clothes on the shelf at the foot of my little bed, put by my Tamul books, and at sunset my worldly cares are abandoned until the following Monday. We have a meeting in the evening at the close of the week, as I believe I have written you.

Thursday, January 21*st.* *Lon.* 2° 42′ *West.* *Lat.* 37° 34′ *South.*—I find the language which I am now studying very difficult. Much time is required for obtaining even a slight acquaintance with it. My hope all along has been that I might understand it sufficiently to be able to communicate with the natives. I have therefore felt it my duty to devote a large portion of my time on this passage to the first principles; consequently I have not written as much as my friends may have expected. Every moment is occupied. I would just say to dear mother that my first *noun* in the Tamul was *mother*, and I think I shall never forget it. I like the sound of the language very much, but after all it is a strange tongue, so different from my own loved English. Mrs. Lord referred to the language most affectingly in the touching lines she sent me, (the night before I left you,) where she says, (I think it is the second verse,)

"From home and all its clustering joys,
  Which cling around the heart,
And childhood's haunts, forever dear,
  From all obliged to part;

Even from thine own familiar tongue,
Those thrilling sounds that move
Thy bosom's strong emotion,
And memory's cherished love."

I am often reminded of those "thrilling sounds," as uttered by dear ones at home. If you have opportunity ask her for a copy for dear J., and say to her that I value them much. All such mementos are precious to me.

January 22*d. Long.* 1° 29′ *East. Lat.* 38° 14′.—The ship has been rolling so heavily all night as to prevent our sleeping. We have the wind directly aft, and are sailing at the rate of eleven miles an hour. Have made 204 miles distance the last twenty-four hours. You will see from the date that we have crossed the meridian at Greenwich, and are now in East Longitude. If this wind continues we hope to reach the cape in about five days. It is difficult to bear the tremendous rolling of the ship, and I should complain, probably, much more than I do, were it not for the hope of being the sooner at our destined port. It was an amusing sight at our breakfast this morning, the whole company actively engaged

in trying to keep a little food on the table, while the poor steward was repeatedly thrown down in making futile attempts to give us some tea or coffee. Mr. Winslow succeeded in getting some for me, and I retreated with it to my own room, where I could brace myself more conveniently and finish my breakfast, looking out occasionally at the melee and confusion. Many things were broken, but withal it was rather a merry breakfast. I went up a few moments to see the ocean lashed by the winds into mountainous waves, each wave with its crest of silvery foam causing the deep blue beneath, to appear more beautiful. A bright sun was over us. The sea sparkled in its rays, and as the ship rose and fell on its bosom, I thought of the devoted men she was bearing to distant lands—I thought of the sacred banner under which they were to fight—of the precious Bible and tract of which they were the bearers—and more than all, I thought of the poor benighted nations to whom they were going.

"Speed on! speed on! the broad blue deeps,
These hastening heralds bear,
To every Pagan coast where weeps
A soul in sin's despair."

I trust I feel more than ever the importance of sending the gospel to those who sit in darkness, but alas! my heart is hard. I do not mourn, and weep, and pray, and labor, as I ought. I long to be more engaged in the holy cause of missions. Sometimes I am full of wonder at myself, that I can be thinking of other things—things belonging to creature comfort, while spirits more devoted than mine are suffering every privation that they may benefit the wretched Pagan, without taking thought for themselves. I desire to be more self-denying. Oh that the love of Christ were shed abroad in my heart more abundantly, that I might feel more on this momentous subject. I think too much of *home*, of mother, sisters, brothers, and dear friends. Little cherub faces are too apt to steal my thoughts from what ought now to be the great business of my life. I find it necessary to pray much that I may be released from these longings after earthly friends. My spirit has been borne down by the almost incessant yearnings after the dear loved circle where I have been so long cherished, and of which I have so many touching remembrances. How memory

delights to linger about each one, and how vivid are her representations. My dear and honored mother, could I but once more see you, and tell you all that is in my heart—but I may yet be permitted to tell you on the other side of Jordan. There I can say all without fear of giving you pain. It will probably be one of our pleasures to recount the way in which our God has led us, after we arrive at our heavenly home. There all sorrow and sighing shall be done away, and you will then rejoice, dear mother, that you have been counted worthy to suffer in this way. It is suffering. It is like dying, in one sense. It is taking a last farewell and neither of us yet in heaven; but the blessed Saviour has sympathy with us and that should content us. May He enable us to rejoice in trial, even to call it joy and cause of gratitude and thankfulness. Dear brother, your parting whisper, "live for Christ," is still my watchword! Think of me as endeavoring, though feebly, to fulfill this your last injunction. Let us both strive, both press onward, looking for the blessed re-union that awaits us in the skies.

A brother and sister, loving as we have

loved on earth, cannot be satisfied with any thing short of spending an eternity together. We parted with this hope of meeting again. Labor to take all with you. Let not one of the loved family be wanting when Christ is making up his jewels. Be faithful, warn, exhort, entreat. Alas! for me, that I have been so negligent where I ought to have been most earnest. These things now appear to me to be of vast importance. I see them in a different light. I mourn over past opportunities of doing good which have slipped by me unheeded. I am humbled, dear brother, even to the dust when I think of my unfaithfulness to some who are dear, very dear to me. Do you profit by my faults, or at least take warning by my errors when I tell you, that they have caused my heart to bleed, and my eyes to overflow. Let us endeavor hereafter to bear more of the image of our Master, who went about doing good.

CHAPTER VI.

January 24th.—Sabbath. Sermon by Mr. Winslow from the words, "The wages of sin is death." Rom. 6 : 23. Other exercises of the day as usual.

Jan. 25th. Lat. 39°. *Long.* 15° 39′.—You see by our reckoning how finely we are getting along. We hope to pass the cape to-night. As I get nearer to dear Harriet, I am yet more troubled with misgivings as to how I shall find her and hers, or whether I shall meet her at all on earth. I *endeavor* to be in *all things without carefulness*, but oh, the many, many failures!

28*th. Long.* 29° 6′. *Lat.* 38° 27′.—We are now some degrees east of the cape, and consider ourselves fairly in the Indian Ocean. Each of these removes or points in our voyage, takes me farther from you. The *golden chain of affection extends now nearly half way round the globe.* It is not weakened by extension. No, I could say much of the love I have for you seeming to be stronger every day,

But I am cautioned against too full a journal, as friends may lack patience in reading it. Our passage has been interesting thus far, and I have felt like telling you all pleasant occurrences, that you may think me happy. My little nieces will one day feel curious about me, and I wish them to follow me in my long pilgrimage. (Some day perhaps I shall copy my journal, written while I was in France, for my eldest nieces in the three families.) I have much pleasure in thinking of them, and in anticipating the receipt of letters from them. H. I hope has already written to me.

We are sailing pleasantly along with fair winds. The Captain intends to keep in this latitude until we get as far east as Ceylon. He will then steer as nearly north as the winds will allow. It will probably appear to you, on looking on the map, that it would be much better to strike a line diagonally from the cape to Madras, but his reason for making the angle is, that the wind at this season will be favorable to go as far to the eastward as 80°, and then almost any winds will do for us to get north.

There are many Albatrosses flying about us

since we have been in the region of the cape. The Captain went off in the jolly-boat, some distance from the ship, and has just returned bringing two very fine ones, one dead, the other living. The dead one is much the handsomest, very large, measuring ten feet four inches, from tip to tip of the wings. The beak of this mammoth bird is eight inches long, pink, and terminating in a crooked point. The feathers of the body a very delicate white tipped with black, wing feathers black above, underneath of a snowy whiteness. They are ranked among the largest of American birds.

January 30*th*. *Lat*. 39° 26′. *Lon*. 35°. *Distance last* 24 *hours* 167 *miles*.—The last day of the week is here again. Time flies swifter than the arrow shot from the bow. Would that I could advance in the same ratio in the divine life. How does the world run away with my fluctuating affections! Oh, that I could have some just apprehensions of the immense value of every hour of my life. I wish to think less of by-gone days and past enjoyments, and more of what is before me. I long to live a life of humility, meekness,

cross-bearing, and to love my Saviour more. I desire to fill every moment in preparation for an hereafter, that as the weeks pass away from me, I may not have to mourn continually over time mis-spent.

Sabbath, Jan. 31*st.*—Last night we had a thunder storm, with very vivid lightning. Strong winds forced our vessel over on one side so much as to render us very uncomfortable. The fore-sail was rent and carried away. We had almost no sleep, and in consequence of the disasters of the night and the seamen being occupied in getting up another sail, we could not meet for worship on deck this morning. A few of us met in the cabin and had a prayer meeting at twelve o'clock. In the afternoon, bible class, as usual. I say "bible class," but it is more a luminous reading of the Scriptures together, than a regular class. I find it both pleasant and profitable to me. At six o'clock (evening) we attended public worship on deck. Mr. Campbell addressed us from the following words, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." It was very cold, but the captain sheltered us by spreading sails over the stern of the ship, and from that to the

top of the round-house; within this enclosure we were quite comfortable. Our ship was ploughing the waves at the rate of nine miles the hour. We had a fine moon, almost at the full, some rich and heavy clouds at intervals obscuring her light, and causing her pathway to seem more lovely, as ever and anon she emerged from and again entered them.

February 1*st*, *Monday.*—I study Tamul diligently all the morning, and often get quite wearied. I am glad to leave at one o'clock to see the chart, (which is brought regularly at that hour to our cabin.) After looking at one place, and talking of the distance passed over, and that yet to pass over, ere we arrive, I put away my books and take my pen to tell you where we are, &c. It affords me much pleasure thus to communicate my thoughts, feelings, &c. I have been so long accustomed to home-born pleasures, free familiar intercourse with dear mother, brothers and sisters, that I sometimes feel literally *broken up*, when I realize that I cannot see, cannot speak to you. One comfort I have; my husband loves to talk of you all, and bears with me in all my

ebullitions of feeling. Our great delight is in praying for you.

Wednesday, 3*d*. *Lat*. 39° 20′. *Long*. 52° 54′. *Distance last* 24 *hours*, 188 *miles*.—We are so constituted, at least most of us, as to delight in change. Variety of place, scenery, &c., is agreeable to all. The charm of novelty is very potent, and will often excite the dullest mind. Although we have a good ship, a kind captain, usually fine weather, and ample provisions, still we are anxiously counting the days, and examining most carefully our track on the chart, to form an opinion when we may expect to see land, or rather when we may expect to arrive at Madras. As to seeing land, we hope in a few days to see the uninhabited island of St. Paul's, which lies in our track. We begin to weary of the sea, to weary of the same unvarying prospect every day, the blue water and the unbroken horizon.

I trust we have some longings to enter the field of labor. We seem to be getting along very well with the language, so far as the construction of it, and knowledge of the grammar is concerned, but we cannot learn to speak much until with the Tamul people. I long to

set my foot on the green earth, I long to smell a flower, I think of gardens, of springs of clear water, of the verdant turf, and the cool shades of tall and leafy trees; and often in my dreams am I walking under the sycamores, (at Westfield,) or gathering mint from the brook. A half-blown rose, such as I have enjoyed at dear father D's, how sweet it would be now, or the delicate myrtle flowers which dear Willey has so often gathered for me. But there are *springs* of consolation to be enjoyed even here. *Flowers* that never fade may be gathered which shall bloom hereafter in the paradise of God. The *fruits* of the Spirit may be sought and found here. *Here* we may think of the "tree of life," near the "pure river of water of life," "which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." It is thus by looking away from earth to heaven, that I am enabled to still the yearnings of my spirit. I love to think of my heavenly home, of that most glorious inheritance among the sanctified. (Acts 20: 32.) I dwell often on the thought of that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven

from God, having the glory of God, and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone clear as chrystal; and the building of the wall of it is of jasper; and the city of pure gold like unto clear glass. Oh, that Christians would speak oftener one to another of these eternal realities! We should not love earth so well if we thought more frequently of the glorious city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. May we ever remember that none shall enter it but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life, and thus remembering let us press forward "looking unto Jesus." Dear mother, look forward to your entrance there with joy, nothing doubting. Your pains will thus be easily borne, and you will count them light afflictions which are but for a moment, while the joys of heaven are eternal.

Thursday, 4*th*. 45 *days out*. *Lat*. 38° 45′. *Long*. 57° 18′. *Distance last* 24 *hours*, 203. —Weather cold, with damp evenings. No inducement to go on deck. Winds fair and prospects good for reaching St. Paul's in a few

days. Very much troubled with mice in the cabin, especially at night; rest almost destroyed by them. They are very destructive to papers and books.

Friday 5th. Lat. 38° 32′. *Long.* 60° 12′. —Our fine wind has left us; we are getting on but slowly. Nothing to day to interest particularly, unless I speak of the taking of two more of those noble birds, the albatross. They are caught with the hook and line; it is no pleasure to me to see them taken. As they are not good to eat, it seems a pity to draw so many from their native home just to gratify a passion for sport. My curiosity was abundantly satisfied with the first one. Owing to the great length of their wings, they are not able to walk on deck, although they make great efforts to. It is painful to witness their futile attempts to escape from the dogs, which annoy them exceedingly by barking at them. I came down almost vexed that they should persist in fishing for them. Why will they "needlessly set foot upon a worm?"

Sabbath, Feb. 7th. Lat. 38° 43′ *South. Long.* 64° 7′ *East.*—One of the most delightful mornings we have known. The air is

much like spring at home, so mild, so bland; but little wind, just enough to make it easy to walk the deck. I was early there and enjoyed the scene much; the calm, clear sky above us, the sun shedding his cheerful beams on the clear blue sea beneath us, proclaiming the goodness of God in fulfilling His promise that day and night should not cease. A "tabernacle hath been set for the sun in the heavens." He comes forth in his brilliancy and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. A spirit of joy seems breathed over the ocean and through the sky. We seem to forget the darkness and gloom in which we have been enveloped, through the night, and can rejoice in the awaking from sleep and unconsciousness to these sweet morning influences. It is a pleasant season for the soul to commune with its Maker. May my first thoughts, oh God, ascend to Thee!

Monday, 8*th*. *Lat*. 38° 45′. *Long*. 66° 10′.—Mr. McEwen preached yesterday from Numbers 32: 23; "Be sure your sin will find you out." A solemn warning both to Christians and sinners. He appeared to feel much himself, and I hope all felt much. I could

mourn over my unfaithfulness ; my heart seemed more broken than usual. I could not refrain from weeping when I reflected how remiss I had been in speaking of Christ to my dear friends who are strangers to Him. Mr. Winslow and myself had a conversation (after service) on the subject of Christian responsibility. His heart seemed more than usually affected with the state of the poor sailors, who were yet, so far as we could judge, careless of the things belonging to their everlasting peace. We thought of the approaching separation when we were to see them no more on earth, and felt grieved that not one seemed to be turning to the Lord. At seven o'clock in the evening we had a prayer meeting on deck. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Winslow addressed the sailors in a most affecting manner, weeping as I think, or with voices much changed by emotion. Solemn appeals were made to them. There seemed to be but one sentiment with us, that of pity for this interesting company. With full hearts we talked of their situation, (after the meeting had closed,) and when hope seemed almost fled, three of the objects of our solicitude came to Mr. Campbell and expressed

a wish for conversation with him and Mr. Winslow, professing to feel themselves sinners, and as desirous of knowing what they should do to be saved. They requested Mr. W. and C. to come to them on Monday morning. After conversing with and praying for them, they left them, promising in accordance with their wish to meet them in the morning. Before retiring to rest, the brethren appointed to-day for fasting and prayer. This morning we welcomed in the light with joy, and prepared to spend the day in seeking blessings on the ship's company, and on ourselves. I think I can say I never had such a sense of God's presence. I should like to tell you some of the exercises of my mind, but do not think it would be well in the present state of things. I feel that I am but dust and ashes, and that it becometh me to hide in the cleft of the rock while the glory of God is over us. I shall try to say but little of myself, however full my heart may be. At ten this morning, Mr. Winslow, McEwen, and Campbell, met those who were anxious in the forecastle. We held a prayer meeting in the cabin at the same time. At twelve they returned, and instead

of three, six were now on their list, all appearing to be suitably affected with a sense of sin. The Lord is here evidently; His presence is felt by Christians, is felt by sinners. Oh, how necessary to walk softly before Him.

This evening we had our regular evening prayers on deck; all the seamen present. It was too dark to read. Hymns were given out from memory; passages of Scripture also from memory. Mr. Winslow again spoke with a full heart; prayed, and was followed by Mr. McEwen. Closed with that affecting hymn, "Come ye sinners, poor and needy." Much solemnity prevailed. After the services were over, the seamen again clustered around the missionaries to speak of their soul's concerns. A meeting was appointed for those who were not expecting to be on watch tomorrow morning.

Tuesday, 9th.—We have almost an entire calm, weather quite warm for this latitude. The mate has been off in the boat catching albatrosses. I have just been informed that they have brought *nine* on board the ship. Mr. Winslow inquires if I should like an albatross, if so I could have one. If I could

have one nicely preserved in its beauty to send to my friends, I should like it, but the time and trouble of preparing it would be more than I could feel justified in exacting from any one at this time; so you must be satisfied with my imperfect account of it. To see them in their best estate, one must visit the southern seas. This morning Mr. W. and McEwen met the seamen; they have much pleasure in this labor of love, and they meet with much to encourage them. There are now *nine* of the seamen under convictions of sin. One (the carpenter,) has a hope that he is born again. I never can tell you, dear friends, of the happiness there is in witnessing the stately steppings of the Lord is such a place as this. We are far from home, far from land, a mere speck in this vast ocean. We are alone with God. His presence is felt more than it could be when surrounded by a busy bustling world. There is no place to flee from His piercing eye. The sinner cannot seek *new scenes* to avoid hearing the voice of prayer. This "voice of prayer" is continually ascending, and the hum of the great Babel cannot drown it. The hearts of God's people here seem very tender. It is

easy to weep, and some of us can say with the Psalmist, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes because they keep not thy law." The souls of those who stand aloof seem to be unspeakably precious. We earnestly desire to see sinners turning to the Lord. We know that the Lord can do much for us, therefore we ask much of Him, even the salvation of all who are in the ship,—rejoicing always, (as I trust we do *now* more than ever before,) that He reigns.

I have been called on deck to see a Shark. It is the first which has been taken. I did not find it a pleasant sight. Although a small one, it showed great strength and was long in dying. The skin is very rough, almost like a file, of a delicate blue color on the back, shaded off to a silvery white under the belly. We have seen more of the wonders of the deep than are usually seen in one passage. Nine large Albatross and a Shark are not often caught in a day. You would smile to see the curiosity manifested at any thing new. I am as curious as any, and often smile at myself and think I am much changed; but it is not strange when we consider that in New York

we get always something new, and soon grow indifferent. We cannot, as at home, when weary of the monotony of the house, put on our hats and walk out, but must content ourselves with looking at the same objects, the same faces, for days together. The ocean usually presents the same view. There are no gardens, no trees, no flowers. I am sure I shall enjoy the changes that pass upon the face of the earth, if I ever again set foot upon it. How delightful it will be to tread it once again —to inhale the scent of flowers, to listen to the song of the bird, to sit in the shade of a tree, and hear the sighing of the wind through its foliage, which has always been to me sweet music. I have much to be thankful for that God has given me so exquisite a relish for the sweet sights and sounds connected with a residence on land. I have always found that my enjoyment of them has been heightened after a sea voyage. You will recollect how much I enjoyed every thing after the very long passage I once had from Holland. It seemed that I could never weary of being on the green grass, and among flowers. In my dreams I am often amid most luxuriant trees and bloom-

ing gardens. Let none of you count me childish until you have been in my place, and know that you could avoid having such thoughts. I am not dissatisfied. No, all things call for my gratitude and thankfulness. *All things* are as pleasant as I had any reason to expect on board ship. *Some* more agreeable than I had even dared to hope, and I have much reason to say, "good is the Lord to me an unworthy servant." He is good in this very thing—depriving me of some comforts, for a time, that I may know how to value them. May I be more sensible of his merciful care and kindness.

CHAPTER VII.

Wednesday, 10*th*. *Lat.* 38° 47′. *Long.* 67° 6′.—The seamen continue to manifest much seriousness. Messrs. Dwight and McEwen met them in the forecastle this morning. They found it a pleasant season, and as before, they came away much encouraged. Immediately after breakfast this morning, Mr. Winslow proposed that we should meet in the cabin at twelve o'clock for prayer. He made some very serious remarks, and exhorted each one of us to see to it, that our own souls were right with God, warning us not to be sleeping, lest Christ should come and upbraid us that we could not watch with him. At twelve we came together, had three prayers and singing. This afternoon a few of the ladies met for prayer and mutual edification. We desire to be found waiting upon the Lord at all times, and more especially at this time when God seems about to rend the heavens and come down.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Meetings were continued on Thursday and Friday, also again this morning with the seamen; appearances still very encouraging. We have met for prayer at six in the morning, also at mid-day. Female prayer meeting this afternoon, only four present, three being unable to leave their beds on account of the very unpleasant motion of the ship, wind being high and contrary. It was very delightful to pray this afternoon. We had cause to be very thankful that God was with us. Prayed especially for the Captain.

Sabbath, 14*th*.—A delightful morning—sky serene, wind light, though still ahead. Met on deck for worship. Mr. Dwight preached. Seamen solemn and attentive. Afternoon, bible class. Meeting at 7 o'clock in the evening on deck. Peculiarly affecting addresses from two of the brethren. All felt much for the Captain. At nine o'clock my husband had an opportunity of conversing with him in private. He (the Captain) was deeply affected, expresses a hope that he shall yet become a Christian, but confesses that he does not pray or seek. We do hope he will be brought to consider his ways now while it is called to-

day, and while the voice of mercy is sounding in his ears.

Eighty-six days out. Monday, 15*th. Lat.* 38° 40′. *Long.* 82° 20′.—We have all along expected to touch at the Island of St. Paul's, but in consequence of head winds shall not be able to. I had quite a desire to go on shore, besides I was curious to see the hot springs which abound near the landing-place. This Island is about ten miles long by five broad. On the east side there is an inlet to a circular basin, through which the sea ebbs and flows over a causeway at the entrance of this remarkable basin, which has been the crater of a volcano. It is uninhabited. American, and sometimes English vessels leave their crews on this island (to kill seals and sea lions) and return for the oil and skins. Seals are in great plenty. The springs mentioned are said to be so hot as that the hands could not be held in them a moment. 212 of the thermometer is the usual standard of heat in those near the water's edge. The basin abounds with fish, which may be easily caught, and as easily cooked in the springs, without removing them from the line. Fire is sometimes seen

to issue from the crevices on the island during the night, it being fraught with subterraneous fire. Lat. 38° 42′. Long. 77° 53′. These particulars are not to be found in the Geographies; I gathered them from our Captain and from his nautical books, with descriptions of the verdant appearance of the island, and you may suppose I was disappointed a little to be obliged to pass without even a distant view of it. We are now some miles east of it, and shall not probably see land until we see some peak or smell some spicy breeze from Ceylon. Our course now is due north, and it is very likely we shall see Ceylon in passing, ere we reach Madras. The wind continues to be unfavorable; weather pleasant. Our daily occupations the same, every spare moment given to Tamul. We have a prayer meeting at noon of each day, in reference to the present circumstances of the crew. I should like to tell you of the hopes we entertain in regard to several of the older sailors, but fear to be premature. We hope we have continued evidence that the Lord is with us. Have thought much of my dear, dear brother to-day. Ah,

when is it that I do not think of him, of you all?

Tuesday. *Long*. 84° 50′. *Lat*. 37° 40′.—Cloudy and rainy; *a day to be with one's mother*. I have felt desirous of being able to think of, and pray for you my dear, dear mother. How I should like to sit by you, and listen awhile to your voice, *ever dear to me*, but now how much *dearer* than ever! Never can I forget all your sweet sympathy for me when I have been ill or depressed in mind. Such unwearied patience—such untiring love. I never can repay you; but, dearest mother, I do believe that your reward is to be given you on high. When I think how little I have ever done for you, my heart is sorely grieved. If I were with you I could pour out my soul in the strongest expressions of gratitude and love. Yes, my dear and honored mother, your affectionate cares and soothing attentions are engraven on my heart, and will form the subject of conversation with dear H., often and often, if we should be allowed to meet. May my dear sisters value their privilege of being near you. If I could but converse with them a few moments to-day, I could tell them of

longings I have had to see your dear and venerable face once more; of regrets that I had not been more with you when it was in my power; of the night visions when your loved form is before me, and of the bitterness of awaking to the conviction that I am to see you no more. I do not pretend to have had no fits of home-sickness. It would be strange if I could be weaned at once from you all. However, I trust I can say that it has often driven me nearer to God, and that when I feel *most* our separation, I feel *most* desirous to love my Saviour and find my all in Him.

Appearances among the sailors are very pleasing. Two seem really and entirely changed. Some of their remarks when speaking of their experience are quite affecting. One says, "I once could not have borne to be with a minister, and hear him talk of the concerns of the soul for half an hour. No, I should rather have been in irons. Once I could not read my Bible, now I read chapter after chapter and wish to read more; then I find it so pleasant to go on deck, and meditate on it in my night watch." The person conversing with him says, "Well, do you not

sometimes think it *wonderful?*" "It is all a wonder, a wonder of mercy," was his reply. Another remarks, (when speaking of the profanity of some on board,) "It hurts me inside to hear any of them swearing." Besides the two I have mentioned, there are several others who appear to be seriously inquiring. The Lord will carry on the work we hope until none on board need inquire, "Know ye the Lord, but when all shall know him."

Thursday, 18*th*. *Lat*. 35° 24′. *Long*. 89° 2′.—Wind contrary; getting along slowly. I always like to say something every day to dear friends at home, and although not well, I must just say that we are to have the sacrament of the Lord's Supper dispensed on board our ship the next Sabbath. It is pleasant, and you will think so, and feel grateful that your unworthy sister can enjoy such a high privilege even here on the ocean. I fully believe that our Lord can meet us here, as well as under the roof of temples made with hands. Are you praying for us every day? Let no day pass without performing this duty, especially for us.

Saturday, 20*th*. *Lat*. 34°. *Long*. 88° 19′.

—I was able to go on deck last evening and hear the preparation sermon, preached by Mr. McEwen; subject, the marriage of the king's son, to which all were invited. We had been indulging faithless fears that God was about to withdraw his Holy Spirit from us, as for a few days we had seen no new inquirers; but after the services were over, the passenger (for whom we had been praying) came to Mr. W. and made a most affecting acknowledgment of his sinfulness, and besought instruction and advice. Mr. W. mentioned some very flagrant sins of which he had been suspected. He confessed every thing with many tears; nor was he, to whom he had applied for counsel, much less affected. They mingled their tears, and I trust this poor sinner was faithfully dealt with, and pointed to the only hope for the lost. They remained together until late in the evening.

As we were conversing of the wonderful doings of the Lord in our midst, and mourning that the captain manifested no particular seriousness, a light knock was heard at our door, and on opening it, one of the brethren entered to say, that, late as it was, he could not go to

bed without telling us that he had been talking with the captain, that he had expressed great anxiety, and confessed that for many days he had been wretched, that he would give all he had in the world if he could but obtain the "pearl of price." He could not be made to understand that it was offered without money and without price; that it was freely given to all who repent and forsake their sins and come to Christ. He says he is determined to seek earnestly, and we do trust he will be sincere and persevering, and we know if he does so he will find. Ought we not to be grateful for what is passing before us? We have, doubtless, many hearts in America responding to every throb of gratitude felt by us. You will all be happy that we are here; happy that we have so delightful a preparation for our work among the heathen. Four of the seamen give good evidence of having been born again. We will praise our God for all that is past, and trust Him for all that's to come. Female prayer meeting this afternoon. Are the dear friends in Westfield who meet the same afternoon, still praying for me? Let them not weary of it. They must continue to hold up

my hands, for I am feeble, but blessed be the Lord, He is mighty, and He will kindly listen to the prayers of his children when they intercede for one another. I hope, through your prayers, to be able to do something for God's glory among the heathen. If I can be made useful in communicating instruction to some poor heathen girl, can be permitted to lead some such to the Saviour for His blessing, I shall have reason to rejoice in the hour, the sad hour when I parted from you all, and you will have reason to join me in rejoicing.

CHAPTER VIII.

Monday, 22*d*. *Lat*. 30° 33′. *Long*. 87° 7′.—Sacrament at sea. Yesterday morning was one of the pleasantest we have had. The air was mild like a May morning; ship going slowly but pleasantly through the water; a bright sun and clean decks. We assembled at the usual hour on deck. Mr. Winslow preached from these words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up." Audience very full, and great solemnity pervading the place. At the close of the exercise, notice was given that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be administered at half-past twelve o'clock in the passengers' cabin, and all who chose were invited to witness it.

Our simple arrangements were soon made. The green cloth extended the length of the table, and at the head was laid a damask napkin with a silver wine cup, and the loaf, prepared by me. At the appointed hour we

surrounded the table with tearful eyes and full hearts. Every thing was calculated to excite deep feeling. The second mate is a professor of religion, he was with us at the table. The four seamen, who are entertaining hopes that they love Jesus, were with us as *spectators* of the solemn scene, as was also our captain and the other passenger. Affecting thoughts came over me, of the church at home, (where I have so often communed,) of dear friends, of the goodness of God in thus spreading a table for us while on the lonely sea, also the thought of its being the *first* and *last* time I should sit at the Lord's table on earth with this company. After an introductory address by Mr. McEwen, Mr. Winslow rose and proceeded to the consecration of the *elements*. After breaking the bread, he distributed it to those within reach, with a most touching personal address. I should like to tell you, *at least*, what was said to me, but will leave it until we meet. It is enough to say now that a tide of solemn emotion filled my soul. I think Jesus was with us feasting our hearts with joy and gladness. Although there was much weeping in that little assembly, we could say " farewell,

what *earth* calls happiness, farewell all joys but joys that never can expire." We did rejoice in our privileges, and although no massive flagons graced our board, no splendid chapel roof was above us to echo the pealing notes of the organ, or throw back the sound of the penitential hymn as it rose in its plaintiveness to God, we could still rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation. It was good to be there. Mr. Campbell made the concluding remarks and prayer. He wept much as he recounted the mercies of our Lord. His words will long remain with us when we shall see his face no more. Seldom do missionaries have such a season by the way. May we go in the strength of it for many days. The only bar to our happiness seemed to be that the poor seamen who were looking on, and who we have reason to hope are true converts, could not be admitted to partake. The reasons for not inviting them must be obvious to all. Should they continue steadfast, after passing their season of trial and temptation at Calcutta, they are to be affectionately recommended to the churches at home, and I hope we who are so soon to see them no more here,

may commune with them hereafter in heaven. Mr. Winslow has been attending a meeting with them this morning; one of the sailors prayed. A few pages were read from "Baxter's Call," with which they appeared much impressed. A dream was related by one of them which was very striking; probably it would not have been mentioned, had not some remarks of the brethren led to it. It was told with much feeling by the dreamer, and served to show the turn of thought in his mind. A mass of interesting facts might be mentioned of the last fortnight, in relation to the work which is going on here, but time presses me continually, so that I have not opportunity to say what I wish to. We have more meetings than formerly, and I still try to get on a little in study, but it is difficult, you may suppose, in the present state of things.

Tuesday, 23*d*.—Our young friend and fellow-passenger, entertains hopes that he has passed from death unto life. He says that after the long conversation he had with Mr. W., he could get no rest until he had submitted to the Saviour. He thinks he has given himself away in sincerity of heart, and with full

purpose, resolving to forsake his sins, and lead a new life. He is young in years; a season of trial awaits him at Calcutta. He has not much energy of mind, but we hope that God will keep him in the day of temptation.

The captain has been under deep convictions of sin for several days. He told Mr. Winslow that he could not pray, although he made many attempts. He has appeared to be very wretched, his eyes swollen with weeping most of the time. The burden of sin was very dreadful to him, and yet he could see no way of getting rid of it. If money could do it, he would give all he had, was his expression, but he knew that the wealth of the Indies could not purchase peace for the guilty conscience. The simple truths of the Gospel were often set before him in all plainness, and prayer was offered at stated seasons in our rooms in reference to his case. Monday, all day, we noticed a very pleasant change in his appearance; a quiet joy seemed to pervade his whole being. He said but little to any one; was much alone. I sat up late in the evening in my room, and was wondering why Mr. Winslow did not come, as it was our hour for retiring, and he was

usually down earlier. When he did come, it was to bring glad tidings. He had been conversing with the captain, and had learned from him that prayer was no longer a burden, but a delight; that he could now come with the feeling of a child to a Father, and plead for pardon; that he hoped for acceptance through Jesus Christ. He seemed to be full of peace and joy. I never, I think, felt more affected at any instance of the like kind. The intelligence was communicated to one or two of the friends who had been much interested for him, and soon the voice of thanksgiving was heard ascending to God for his mercies to us. We rejoiced in the conversion of one whose influence over the seamen is great, and who will be likely now to exert that influence on the Lord's side. You can scarcely imagine our pleasure in seeing this dear friend appear at morning prayers, at all our little seasons of intercession where he has not been wont to appear heretofore. His usual practice has been to meet us at evening prayers, but now he says, he longs for the time in the morning as well as at night. Perhaps there was never a more apparent change as to manner than in

his case. So meek and quiet in his demeanor compared with the hurry and restlessness exhibited formerly. We have constantly head winds, and have had for days, but he manifests no impatience, although impatience and anger have heretofore been his besetting sins. He is ready with his texts every morning, and appears to study the Scriptures as attentively as any of our number.

Friday, 26*th*.—Wind still contrary. Meetings continue to be solemn. Last night worshiped on deck by the light of the moon. It was a sweet and holy time. The seamen are always with us at these meetings. No new cases have occurred, of concern, for some days. Sorrow fills our hearts as we look on those who are far from God. No *outward* opposition has appeared, although we have reason to suppose those who are serious, have been ridiculed by their shipmates. It seems not to affect them in the least.

Saturday, 27*th*.—We have almost a calm, are hoping for the trade winds to assist us on our way. They are usually met with in these latitudes. Continue our twelve o'clock prayer meeting; captain now always with us. The

first officer is an object of great solicitude with us, he is not at all serious. His natural disposition remarkably amiable, his deportment towards us kind as possible. When any of the brethren converse with him, he says that he should be very glad to become a Christian, but that at present he has no time to think much about it, his cares are so many. If he could but feel the same interest for himself that others do for him, we might have hope.

Sabbath. Lat. 23° 58′. *Long.* 88° 52′.—Worshiped on deck, pleasant weather, wind high and rather more favorable. It was difficult to keep our seats. Mr. McEwen's turn to preach; text, John's 1st Epistle, 3d chapter. He is usually much engaged with his subject, almost vehement in his manner. Sermon was mainly addressed to the seamen. Mr. Winslow was with them in the steerage in the afternoon. I was in my bed, with a bad headache, caused by the violent motion of the ship.

Monday. Lat. 20° 2′. *Long.* 87° 35′.—A fine wind; we are again sailing rapidly, nearly four degrees a day; are within the Southern Tropic, hoping to keep this wind until we reach

the equator. We are thrown about at such a rate that I cannot write, or indeed do any thing to advantage, although I get along better than most of the others. Three of the ladies have to lie in bed from sea-sickness; one other, sitting at the dinner table to-day, had her lap filled with soup, and her hand scalded. I have much to do, and feel very anxious to have all my letters ready in case any vessel should be about sailing *homeward* when we arrive at Madras.

Wednesday.—Wind light and ahead; prospect of a long passage. Held our evening meeting on deck. Pleasant weather with a fine moon. Such occasions are usually embraced by the brethren to meet above, that the sailors may have an opportunity of attending. I noticed more deep and serious feeling on the part of the speakers than usual. They seemed to feel the immense weight of their obligations, also the worth of souls. All were exhorted again and again to escape the coming wrath, and flee to the ark of safety in this the day of their merciful visitation.

Thursday, March 3d. Lat. 13° 47′ *South. Long.* 85° 38′ *East.*—The missionaries met

this evening to consult together as to the expediency of having a day of fasting appointed for tomorrow. As the Lord had been pleased to bless these means when used in former instances, they felt encouraged to come before Him again in the same manner. They resolved to humble themselves with fasting and prayer, that peradventure He would incline His ear to their supplications, and send a gracious rain of righteousness, that every one with us in the ship might acknowledge Jesus to the glory of God the Father. The Lord has said, "Prove me now herewith if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." In hope of thus obtaining the promised mercy, we are desirous of coming and bringing all the tithes into the store-house. May all come with a proper spirit, and then we may expect the fulfillment of the promise.

Friday morning.—Wind light and contrary with frequent squalls of rain. Met according to appointment at ten this morning for social worship in the cabin. Prayer was offered by each of the brethren that the "Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, would

no longer be as a stranger in the land, and as a way-faring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night," but that he would graciously be pleased to take up his abode with us, and that as we were called by his name, he would leave us not. I cannot speak of the feelings of others, but for myself I think I felt the solemnity of the requests we were making before God. May the angel that came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer, offer our prayers with those of all saints! With such an intercessor what may we not hope for?

Monday. Lat. 8° 24′.—Mr. Campbell preached in his turn from these words: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Every word he uttered seemed to come from the heart, and it reached to the *hearts of some*, at least. There was weeping in our midst, but not from the unconverted, as I would gladly have seen, but from those who have lately learned to know and love the Lord. One, in particular, of the seamen, (a sensible man, and much thought of by the Captain,) wept almost continually. If you could have seen him, dear M., with his red flannel, his clean canvass trowsers, low shoes with *much*

ribbon to tie them, (a piece of foppery peculiar to seamen I believe,) his little cotton handkerchief tightly grasped in his hand, applied almost constantly to his eyes to arrest the gathering tears of joy, how your heart would have warmed towards him; also the others who sat with him, six of them, as we hope all converted men. My soul acknowledged them as brethren in Christ Jesus. The most interesting of the group, next to the one above mentioned, was the carpenter. In his countenance was an expression of holy joy, blended with meekness. He shed no tears, but sat composedly with folded arms, eyes fastened at times on the speaker, and again thrown down to the deck. So much is there to be ascribed to the natural temperament, one weeps while another smiles, when thinking of the love of God. Those who yet stand aloof were strongly urged to accept the great salvation. Evening meeting on deck. I remained there until ten o'clock on account of the heat below; left at last with reluctance, after seeing the moon rise in its beauty. We have kept this day (Monday) as a day of thanksgiving. It was determined on some days ago. The first

Monday of the month was thought to be a very proper time, as we should then close the day with the monthly concert. We have been favored with very fine weather. All our number in good health ; all able to assemble at ten this morning for worship; every one of the crew present, through the kindness of the captain. Exercises (conducted by Mr. W.) consisted, for the first half hour, of prayer and praise alternately. He then addressed us from the words, " What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits ?" in connection with this text also, " Offer unto God thanksgiving." After noticing some of the principal causes we had for gratitude, he gave many striking examples from holy writ of this duty. He felt much, and the occasion was one of deep interest to us all. Two of the brethren followed with appropriate and very feeling remarks. At the noon prayer meeting in the cabin, our causes of thankfulness were more particularly mentioned than was proper when all were present. Our hearts were affected as we thought of all God had done for us since he brought us from the land of our *fathers*. Not one good thing has failed of all which was

promised us. *Here* we can raise our Ebenezer. *Here* we can set up our pillar, and say, thus far the Lord hath helped us.

I am satisfied with the goodness of his house. I am amply remunerated for all the sorrows of heart I have sustained in our separation. The thought of these converted souls is worth much, and then to hear what they say of the goodness of God, it is most affecting. Again let me say, " The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

This evening we held our prayer meeting on deck in concert with friends at home, and with Christians all around the world; from the far East to the far West, this cloud of incense is arising monthly, and a blessing will follow. A great day is promised, though we may not live to see it—a day when all shall know the Lord. He will in his own good time hasten it on. Is it not near even now? God has wrought great changes on the earth in course of the last twenty-five years, and the same term of time to come may show still greater. We have reason to expect it when we consider the facilities for traveling. How much easier, and with how much less expense, missionaries

may get from place to place to carry the gospel; also the comparative ease with which Bibles and tracts may be disseminated. May we not soon expect to hear the sound from every high hill and from every valley, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

Thursday, March 10*th. Lat.* 2° 48′ *South. Long.* 87° 25′.—I have written nothing in this since Monday, having nothing interesting to say. The wind is light and almost always ahead. Weather very warm. I am happy to tell you, however, that the warm weather is not so trying to me as I expected. I now perspire sufficiently for health. I am able to employ myself constantly, either in writing or study. This is encouraging. Often I feel very languid and seem to have no strength; but I think it is for want of exercise. Should I live to reach land, I hope to be able to walk a great deal, as that is considered a very important means of keeping up health. Can form but little idea when we shall arrive, having so much head wind. We are actually crawling along inch by inch.

Monday, March 14*th. Lat.* 1° 44′ *North. Long.* 87° 30′ *East.*—We are again in the northern hemisphere, having crossed the equator yesterday, (Sabbath.) Our hopes are often raised with appearances of change of wind, but favorable gales are not to be had for the wishing. We get along very slowly. The captain is beginning to be anxious about our supply of water. We have been for some time on allowance, and shall probably have that allowance reduced to-day, as there are but three casks left, and we number thirty-four souls in all, besides we have yet considerable *stock* requiring water. Our cow, for which we have a great partiality, must have drink enough, or she cannot afford milk for us. It is well that I am not so much of a water drinker as my sisters, or I might suffer; as it is, I get along pretty well. One thing which reconciles me to the privation is, that the last we have had was so unpleasant, both to smell and taste, that I could not bear it near me, unless compelled by excessive thirst. But these are troubles easily borne—there is almost no complaining on account of it.

Tuesday. Lat. 3°. *Long.* 86° 40′.—We are

at last favored with a little slant of fair wind. All is lively again. If this wind continues we shall soon see land, and I have yet many things to do to get ready for arrival. In the multiplicity of my thoughts, the comforts of God delight my soul. Thus far all is well with us. The promises are precious—as much or more so than ever.

March 18*th.*—Early this morning land was seen from the mast-head. It proved to be some of the highest peaks in Ceylon. I came up as soon as I felt able and took a look at that island which is to be my home while living, and in all probability my last resting-place. Dear mother, you cannot imagine my feelings. I could not talk and laugh, as others did about me, in the fullness of their joy at seeing land; but on the contrary, found it difficult to repress my tears; not tears of regret, dear mother, but they flow from affecting thoughts as to my unfitness to do my duty, of the great need of faithfulness on the part of those who go out to the heathen, of the desolation, in a moral point of view, of this eastern world, thoughts of what awaits me there. Shall I see dear sister H., or shall I have to

hear the intelligence that she is not? Thoughts of absent friends, of my loved home, also press upon me, and I must leave these pages and try to write to some. I shall not be able to do all I wish, on account of illness. The light winds bore us slowly past the island, which we contemplated with great interest, as its features increased in magnitude and distinctness. Many of the most prominent head-lands were pointed out to us by Mr. Winslow. We are now off Batticaloe, about mid-way of the island. There has been some little expectation of our being able to land at Point Pedro, but the captain now thinks he shall not be able to stop long enough for us to get on shore. It would not do for him to cast anchor here on account of his insurance, but if any boats had come off, we might have obtained a passage to the shore in them. As none appears, we are obliged to go on.

Monday, 21*st*.—Yesterday we were passing along the coast south of Madras quite near the shore; had a fine view of the different points of the head-lands, until we reached the *seven Pagodas*, when night closed in upon us and prevented our seeing Madras as we came near

it. Our ship was very quiet and we had our evening prayer meeting on the deck. Capt. D. gave out a hymn from memory, and after it was sung he engaged in prayer. It was altogether a most solemn season—the near view of separation, the thoughts of what the Lord had done for us, and the hopes we had that His presence was still with us, affected our minds in a very peculiar manner. We retired at the usual hour, and from the weariness caused by over excitement, I was soon asleep. At midnight we cast anchor in the roads opposite Madras; the surf being a permanent obstacle to coming near the shore, ships are obliged to moor off at a distance of two miles. This morning my ears were assailed with a variety of strange sounds on first awaking; I rose hastily, and on looking through the venetians of my room door, I saw the cabin filled with natives. I cannot express to you my astonishment at their singular appearance, and will not attempt at this busy, busy moment to do more than write a hasty letter or two, to send by Mr. Winslow, who is going on shore immediately, and wishes a letter to forward to Ceylon, informing them of our arrival, &c., &c.

Afternoon.—Mr. W. has returned, bringing letters from the dear friends at Jaffna. H. and her family are well, and have long been very anxiously expecting us. It will be some weeks yet ere I can hope to see them, but it is a great relief to my mind to know that they are well. I shall send you the letter we received from them, so need not now speak particularly of its contents. I received a splendid boquet of flowers from the shore. We arranged them in glasses at each end of our supper-table, and as it was our last evening together, we resolved to invite Capt. D. with the first officer and passenger to take tea with us. All that were left of American delicacies were brought forward on the occasion to grace the board. As soon as our social meal was over, Mr. Winslow rose, and, in the name of the company, presented the Captain and both mates each with a handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures, (which he had been commissioned to procure while he was on shore.) They were received with emotion of heart scarcely to be repressed. Each one spoke a few words, expressing their sense of the value of the gift, and the great love they felt for the donors.

I would rather have witnessed this scene, than the presentation of any of the silver vases I have lately heard of. I have not time to tell you what was said on both sides—it will not soon be forgotten by any of us I think. At evening we attended the monthly concert of prayer, for the seamen, on the deck. After introductory remarks by one of the brethren, the captain spoke, as did also the mate and two of the seamen. I believe I have not told you the particulars of the conversion of the mate of our ship, and from want of time cannot now do so, but will just remark that his convictions have been most poignant. Clouds long overhung his mind, but have now passed away, and left him a changed being. He has had most wonderful experience of the goodness of the Lord, and we have had most astonishing answers to our prayers for him.

CHAPTER IX.

Madras, March 24th.—Owing to a press of business I have not touched these sheets for some days. I have had much to do in getting ready to leave the ship, and much time has been occupied in prayer meetings, &c. We have had some delightful seasons on our ship's deck, so deeply interesting as to make me feel quite unwilling to leave; it seemed like quitting a consecrated home. The Lord has been with us there, filling our hearts with joys almost unutterable. Our last two or three meetings were such as I have never before witnessed, and scarcely had an idea of. The morning we were expecting to come on shore, the captain, mates, and all the seamen were with us at prayers in our cabin. After the usual reading and prayer, by one of the brethren, the mate gave a most moving address to such of the sailors as were not serious; after which he prayed, *for us*, *for all*. His prayer was most remarkably adapted to the case of each, the

words most appropriate. It seemed that he was indeed taught by the Holy Spirit, and that the Author and Inspirer of prayer was assisting him with every word he uttered. It came from the heart, and reached to the heart. There was much weeping in our midst. Deep sobs spoke the intensity of emotion filling each heart. The presence of the Lord seemed to fill the place ; we could rejoice in the conviction that His love was still with us. We praised Him for the exhibitions of His power in our midst. He has, according to the immutability of His nature, exercised the same power and goodness, the same means in the case of one, as in that of another. Each have felt the burden of sin, and have found a deliverer from it in Jesus. At the close of the meeting, the seamen came to us, shook hands, received the parting exhortation, and the farewell word. After they left the cabin, we had to go through the painful task of bidding adieu to the companions of our long voyage. The dissolution of closely established associations was acutely trying. Although the hope of reaching port had long animated me, and rendered all the difficulties of a sea-voyage

light; yet when the event actually arrived, it was attended with far different feelings from what I had anticipated. Parting with our missionary friends was like leaving brothers and sisters. Those only who have been similarly situated, can understand my feelings. The hope of a re-union in heaven bore us through; and word being given that all was ready, we were lowered into the accommodation boat at the side of the ship. Our friends ranged themselves along the quarter-deck, and looking down upon us, sang the last verse of the parting hymn, "They go, and sincere is the glad consecration." It was most touching, but not more so than the farewell cheers of the poor sailors bursting unexpectedly upon our ears, and which I shall never, never forget. The discordant song of the heathen boatmen next succeeded, accompanied by the quick motion of their numerous paddles, and we were soon swept away from our ship towards the surf near the shore, passing through which is by no means an agreeable operation. It is much dreaded by all who are obliged to encounter it, and I think with reason. The surf at Madras consists of two distinct lines of break-

ers on the beach, running parallel to each other, and to the shore. These foaming ridges are caused by a succession of waves curling over, and breaking upon sand banks. The long ocean swell coming across the Bay of Bengal, a distance of nearly five hundred miles from the Arracan Coast, the Malay Peninsula, and the Island of Sumatra, as it is driven towards the land, finds less and less room for its "wild waves' play," and finally rises above the general level of the sea in enormous ridges curling into high and toppling waves, and then dashing like the loudest thunder along the coast. Some writers have compared the sound of it in the night, and when the wind is high, to the roar of Niagara. We passed through it with more composure than might have been expected. Crowds of natives drew the boat up as far on the beach as possible, and an arm chair on poles was in an instant placed for us, in which being seated, we were borne on men's shoulders to the dry ground. There a scene ensued which beggars all description. Palanquins, bandies and carriages, with their proprietors seeking to be employed, coolies snatching up different parts

of our baggage; police-men, custom-house officers, soldiers from the fort, and idlers or lookers-on, all talking at once to Mr. Winslow, and well it was for them that he is such a pattern of patience, or they must some of them have been in danger of being beaten, I think.

After some time Mr. and Mrs. D. were seated in a carriage, and the post-boy made to understand where they were to go. I was then helped into a bandy, (a conveyance much like a gig,) which was taken to the door of the custom-house to wait for Mr. W., who was applying for a pass for the trunks. While there, I saw some of the native women and little children, (for the first time.) My heart warmed towards the children, especially the girls. The women were much more miserable looking than I had expected; their long black hair matted and uncombed, their very scant clothing, consisting only of a piece of dirty cloth around them, with one end thrown over the shoulder, gave them an appearance of squalid wretchedness scarcely to be conceived of by you; but these are first impressions, and relate only to the poorest class perhaps. As I sat waiting, I thought of *home*, and I thought how little idea

we had formed *there*, of the state of things *here*. Mr. Winslow soon joined me, and we rode on, (a horse-keeper running by the side and keeping up with us.) Arrangements had been made for us to be at Mr. Smith's, [of the London Missionary Society,] and on arriving at his house, we met a most cordial reception from Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and in a few moments I felt quite at home. The first appearance of this place is quite imposing ; the houses of the Europeans being very large, covered with white stucco, with spacious verandahs, supported by columns. They are situated in the middle of a large garden, or compound, as they call them here, in which are interspersed the cocoa, plaintain, and other trees. On being shown to my room, I was delighted to find that it opened upon the sea. A fine view presents, in front of the house, the surf coming in with the speed of a race horse, and breaking upon the shore, while a little to the left is a grove of the cocoa-nut tree, which seems to delight in holding out its slender and feathery arms to embrace the sea-breeze as it passes. Gardens are to be seen all around me,

with the richest of flowers mingled with the large, soft, silky leaves of the plantain.

The fanciful architecture of the buildings, so different from any thing I have ever beheld, the bronze figures of the natives seen in all directions nearly naked, or with a white cloth wrapped about them, and usually a voluminous turban of brilliant scarlet or crimson on the head, all seem like a new world. In fact all the descriptions we have had of India and Indian scenery, convey but a very imperfect idea to the mind. I need hardly suppose that I can do better than others have done at giving graphic pictures, so will not attempt any labored account, but rather tell you where I go, what I see of the people, &c., &c.

As we were taking tea, Mrs. B. came, with her husband, to see us. She has lived more than a year at Jaffna, is intimately acquainted with dear Harriet, saw her a few months ago. I got much information from her as to Jaffna. I believe I wrote you that H. has another son, born last autumn. I went to the dissenting chapel with Mr. Smith at evening, in his coach, while Mr. B. drove in a bandy, with Mr. Winslow in company, to the same place. Mr.

Winslow preached, and gave some account of the revival on board ship, with which the people seemed exceedingly interested.

The chapel is open on all sides, (by this I mean the very large venetian windows, thrown entirely open from the roof to the ground,) while within it was most brilliantly lighted by lamps fed with cocoa-nut oil and having large glass shades over them. We passed a pagoda in our drive, but so rapidly that I caught but an imperfect view of it.

Thursday.—Mr. W. has been all day much engaged at the custom-house, and with his agents, so that I have not been out at all. I have tried to write some letters, but find my mind very unsettled. I feel much more for these poor people than I did before I saw them, and long for the time to come when I may be doing something for their good. The monsoon appears to be regularly set in, and we shall most likely be obliged to go down to the point of the peninsula by land, and cross the straits of Manaar to Jaffna instead of trying to get round in a native boat. How long it will be, ere I see dear Harriet, I cannot tell. I am

trying to be patient, and to meet disappointments cheerfully.

25th.—We had quite a thunder-storm last night. It is beautifully clear this morning. I am just going out with Mr. W. to look at our luggage, or rather to open some of the trunks and select what we shall need for our overland journey. Our things are at a store-house some distance from this. We are to go in palanquins; I have not yet been in one, and am very reluctant to being carried in this way, *preferring much to walk;* but this it seems is out of the question, as nobody does so but the natives. I am distressed at having eight men to carry two persons, but I am told I must get accustomed to it, and that it is a favor to these people to employ them; but what a waste of time, when *brute* power might, it would seem, be as well. Our horse would have drawn us as easily as these eight men, and how much more agreeable to me.

Afternoon.—I have been better pleased with the palanquin than I expected. At first the noise made by the bearers annoyed me exceedingly, but I soon forgot it, having so much to notice on all sides. We were about two

hours engaged in repacking and arranging our things to send in the dhony (native boat), to Jaffna; after which I returned home, while Mr. W. went to finish his business at the Custom-house. Mrs. Smith has very kindly invited a little supper party, on our account, this evening; and among the guests we are expecting to see Major Brett, who was so kind to dear sister Harriet when she was at the *Neilghenies.* I believe they staid at his house.

11 *at night.*—I have heard much of my dear sister from Major B. He is very communicative,—very pious; and although high in the army, continues to keep himself unspotted from the world. It is pleasant to meet such a person. He has never been married; is now quite advanced in life, spends much of his income in promoting good works, and helping on the *good cause.* His gentlemanly quiet manners are particularly pleasing. We had another interesting person in company, an elderly lady of the name of Gordon. She has invited me to visit some native schools she has under her superintendence. I am to breakfast with her soon, and afterwards to see them.

Saturday, 26th.—I went out this evening

in a palanquin to make a few purchases at one of the shops in Vepery, an adjoining place, or rather a part of Madras called Vepery. In going there we passed through what is called *Black Town*, that part of this large city enclosed within the walls. (I think I have told you that we are living outside of the gates, in what are called garden houses). The town within the walls is mostly inhabited by natives and country born people. The native huts are generally so small and so low, that it is wonderful how they live in them at all. The sides are of mud, with a door two or three feet high, no windows. The covering of dried leaves. It is their practice to sleep in the open air. They may be seen lying about in all directions. The better sort of natives have houses of stone, but even these are most illy contrived, uncomfortable looking dwellings, and as far as I can learn are totally destitute of all kind of comforts, or even what we think the necessaries of life.

I am much astonished with the vast *numbers* of people I see. Most of them seem to be lounging about doing nothing,—while a few, comparatively, are employed in cooking rice,

—drawing and carrying water, cutting grass for the horses, carrying burdens on the head, &c. It is rare to see a man and woman walking together, the latter are often seen carrying an infant on the hip, the usual mode I think from seeing it so much practiced. Some are traveling about in bullock bandies, a kind of covered cart drawn by oxen. The most distressing sight to me is that of aged females; their appearance is so very wretched. The withered form, nearly naked, the gray hair uncombed and flying, in elf-locks, in every direction,—the mouth stained a blood-red with the juice of the betel nut; and the ears opened at the lower extremity to the size of a shilling (and often larger, by the introduction of a piece of wood in the aperture,—they have really an appearance almost witch-like. Such a being seen in America, would at first I am sure, shock the feelings of the most insensible, but already I seem to have become almost familiar with the sight of this degradation, which at first struck me with so much astonishment. I hope never to be so accustomed to the sight of it as to lose my feelings of compassion for them. My heart is more and more

sensibly affected with the state of these poor idolaters. They do seem so oppressed, so degraded, their condition so servile, (more especially the poor female who is but the slave of her husband), that I am impatient to begin some labors of love for their benefit. In course of my ride, I saw some who were pitiable objects from disease. One had his leg swollen to the size of an elephant's, from that malady called elephantiasis. I can however, give you but a faint picture of what passed before me even in this short journey. The great diversity of appearance of the people is remarkable when it is considered how little clothes they wear. Some have the head entirely shorn, others leave a small tuft at top; some have turbans of various colors, others not; some are fond of adorning themselves with nose jewels, ear-rings, bracelets, anclets, and toe-rings of every kind. Very many have the mark of the trident in paint, of three colors, on the forehead and arms. Some are standing before the temples daubed with holy ashes. All these scenes cause me to feel most forcibly that I have indeed entered a land where Satan reigns,—here is his territory. It is a land of

darkness that may be *felt*, but cannot be *told*. I could not cease to pray as I passed along, that the Lord would come in His mighty power and cause His name to be glorified here, that He would turn these poor insensible heathen from their idols to Himself. Oh, how great need is there of the purifying influence of the blessed Gospel here. The very atmosphere seems polluted. While I prayed, I felt as if I had almost no faith. It seemed so like a valley of dry bones,—they are very many, and lo, they are very dry. Spirit of holiness, come from the four winds, and breathe upon these slain that they may live. I hope I have an increasing sense of my deep responsibility, —but ah! the weakness of all human instrumentality? The few laborers in this part of the field are mourning that they can do so little, when so much is to be done. Thousands are needed to labor in India. Even this city has 400,000 inhabitants, and just think how few there are to speak of Jesus! The English clergymen are very solicitous that we should be here. (I have not time now to enter upon the subject, but will hereafter tell you their views on this subject).

On our return homewards the Nabob's carriage passed us,—a very gay looking barouche and four, with out-riders, dressed in gaudy uniforms and fully armed. We found Mr. Smith, with several gentlemen, in the compound, waiting for Mr. W. to be with them, as they were about to form a Society for the *promotion of Christian Knowledge*, and wishing him to say something of his views on the subject. After they had finished their business, eight remained to supper by invitation. When the cloth was removed, the Bible and Hymn book were laid upon the table, and singing and prayers followed. In our own room we had the usual meeting of prayer for dear ones in America. Never did I feel so grateful for having had my birth and education in a Christian land, as this night.

Sabbath, 27*th*.—Went to the dissenting Chapel where Mr. W. preached. On our way passed a number of people carrying a corpse to the *burning*. The body was laid on a mat, and nearly covered with flowers,—no coffin or winding sheet. It was pleasant to alight from the carriage at a door of a Christian church after passing temples, tanks, pagodas, &c.,

but I could not enjoy the services as I wished, owing to the great depression of spirits caused by the scenes I had witnessed in reaching it. The natives were at work as on any other day, —masons on buildings; others grinding cocoa-nut oil, &c., &c. How I longed to say to them, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Mr. Carver, (the Wesleyan Missionary), an old friend of my husband's, came to dine at Mr. Smith's, and to see if Mr. W. would be able to preach for him in the evening. He consented, although not well. Mr. Carver was settled at Ceylon formerly. You may recollect his coming on board the ship, and inviting the missionaries to his house on their first arrival, sixteen years ago. Harriet has been often at his house. He speaks of her with much affection, as do all who know her. At evening we all went to the chapel. Mr. W. gave some account of the revival of religion on board the ship. The audience seemed much interested. Mr. Carver invited us to his house that we might go from thence to seeing the drawing of an idol car at a heathen festival on Tuesday next. The temple is in the near neighborhood of his house.

Monday Evening.—We came to Mr. Carver's by moonlight, (a distance of five miles from Mr. Smith's). I was in a palanquin, Mr. W. on horse-back. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight are staying here. We were entertained with an exhibition of the various motions of the planets, &c., shown through the magic lantern, for the benefit of the natives; a number of whom were present, having just come in as we arrived.

Tuesday.—We were all stirring very early this morning in order to go a short distance for the purpose of seeing the car, &c., &c. I was invited to go in the carriage with Dr. and Mrs. Laurie, (Dr. Laurie is the Governmental Chaplain of the Scotch church here). As we came in view of some part of the decorations, we left the carriages, and went on foot a little way through a narrow lane or street, on each side of which were placed many of the most pitiably deformed objects in order to attract attention and obtain alms. Mr. Carver cautioned us against looking to the right hand or the left, remarking that we might see sights that would fasten upon the memory for years, perhaps *never* to be forgotten.

On emerging from this narrow street, we came upon a large open space, forming one side of an *immense* tank,* on the opposite side of which was the heathen temple, and enclosures from which the idol and car were to come. As it did not yet appear, we walked on a little farther, but as the crowd thickened, it became unpleasant, and we were glad to accept the invitation of a rich native to come into his verandah, where couches were placed, and from which we had a chance of seeing all. In a few moments the cloud of dust warned us of the approach of the car. Huge cables were used in drawing it, and thousands of natives like the restless waves of the sea, were putting their strength to the work. The form of the car was like that of Juggernaut, of which you have all seen engravings ; but of the figures ornamenting it, (consisting of horses, men, and elephants), its grotesque carving, its tinsel, its glaring colors, its numerous flags, its ponderous wheels it were vain to speak, for I could not give you an idea at all like it perhaps. (I have myself never received a correct notion of heathen worship until witnessing it). The

* Tank, artificial pond.

discordant music, the shouts, the burning frankincense, all told the idolatrous nature of the show. Among all the vast multitude I saw no one sign of devotion. It seemed more like a great fair or gala day than any thing connected with religion. Very many were ornamented with flowers, others offering garlands, composed of almost innumerable flowers, for sale. Jugglers were not the least conspicuous parts of the moving mass. One exhibited in front of us for some time, until ordered away repeatedly. But the most affecting sight was a little boy or girl, we could not tell which, about ten years old, dressed in the most fantastic manner, a cap on the head of a conical shape, of various colors, and depending from it on all sides were ribbons of every shade, braided and reaching to the waist, from which were other plaited strings encircling the body, and reaching to the feet. The eyes of the figure were motionless, as if fixed on vacancy,—a human skull was held in the mouth. This uncouth looking little creature, performed a rotary motion before us, at first very slowly, gradually increasing in speed, until the numerous braids which hung from his, or her, head and waist,

stood out all around it, forming two immense wheels, and looking like nothing I have ever seen, so that I am quite at a loss for a comparison. The same *abstracted*, *immovable look* was maintained throughout the whole exhibition, and this by a child! The skull held in the mouth was an observance connected with the festival. It being one of Sivan's feasts, called the feast of the skull. *My very soul was sick* as I looked on these things, particularly when I thought of these poor *children*, thus early trained to idolatry,—and who have souls as precious as any of the little ones so dear to my heart in America. I never wish to pass such another day, or rather I should say, I never wish to witness such another exhibition. It has I hope stimulated me to feel more, and to pray more for these poor, poor besotted idolaters; they are mad upon their idols. I trust I shall one day be able to speak to some of them of a Saviour; and surely I do long for that day. You must all try to rejoice that I am here,—although I am but *one* poor weak creature, where thousands are needed, and yet I may do something. After we left Mr. C., we went by appointment to breakfast

with a very excellent lady, (Mrs. Gordon), who is trying to do something for the children of the natives. It was very pleasant, and quite a relief to my mind to visit her infant school; where she has about sixty children under the care of tolerably good instructors. Mr. W. addressed them in Tamul, and prayed with them.

April 4th.—Have been spending a few days at Dr. Laurie's, most delightfully. Should like to tell you something about those amiable friends, but have no time, as Mr. Winslow has just come in to say,—that an American ship is here, and is to leave tomorrow. The ship has just arrived, and I am not at all prepared for her leaving so soon; many of my letters are unfinished. I regret much being so hurried. We shall leave Madras tomorrow, or next day. We are invited to meet the Bishop's family tomorrow evening, and friends are very anxious to have us stay a little longer. Of course we are anxious to go as soon as possible,—but going as we have to, there is great labor in getting ready. We go down to the point of the peninsula by land, in palanquins, and then go to Jaffna across the straits of

Manaar. We shall be at Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and perhaps Madura. Mr. W. thinks of making a sort of missionary tour; distributing books, &c. It is too late in the season to go down by water. I am exceedingly sorry to be so hurried in closing my journal. I have not time even to read the last pages over. I hope my dear brother will correct mistakes, or omissions of words which very likely have occurred. And now, dearly beloved ones, I must say farewell. I shall if able, continue this journal, and need I say,—that I shall look for like faithfulness on the part of my family? You will, I know, be happy to send us *comfort* across the waters.

Dear, dear mother, brother, and sisters, may the Lord bless you, and keep you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace.

Yours, most affectionately,

CATHARINE WINSLOW.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Winslow's stay at Madras, was rendered very agreeable by the polite and Christian attentions which she received from the English residents; and especially the families of the Missionaries residing there. Subsequently, as will be perceived, that city became her own residence; and there, after a brief sojourn, she sickened and died. Since that sad event, her beloved sister and associate, Mrs. H. Scudder, has finished her labors, and lies by her side, (in death not divided),—until together they shall rise in the image and likeness of their God.

Owing to the advance of the season, and the prevalence of contrary winds on the coast, it became necessary to make the journey to the point of embarkation for Ceylon, by land. The journal which describes this journey is one of great interest, not only to friends, but to general readers. Mrs. W. was a close observer, and describes every thing that she saw with a

graphic accuracy and beauty. The pictures rise upon the imagination with a distinctness almost like life. That part of the journal which relates to the architecture of the Heathen Temples,—their grandeur,—the paraphernalia of their worship, is more particular and satisfactory than any account yet published in this country. It gives us a true idea of the captivating influence of heathenism over the depraved imagination and passions. It makes us feel the strength of those strong-holds, which the Gospel by the power of God, has yet to batter down. Some parts of this interesting journal were published in the "Madras Christian Instructor," and a mere extract or two in the "New York Commercial Advertiser." But the whole is here given; and will be found to contain much that is new and of thrilling interest.

The following letter is inserted as a connecting link between the sea and land journal, and serves to show the hospitality and kindness of the English residents towards strangers, —the mode of inland travel, &c.

Madras, April 1*st*, 1836.

My dear ——

I have so much to say to you that I know not where to begin, and sure I am I shall not know where to end. I have sent a long journal to you, full of particulars which I think will be interesting to you all; but I have not said half I wish. We are now staying a few days at the house of Dr. L., the Governmental Chaplain of the Scotch Church. They are a Scotch family, and so kind that I feel as if with old friends. Mrs. L. has two little girls, Mary and Anna. The house is very large and elegant. We have two comfortable rooms, (a bed-room and dressing room), with every attention. I try to write, but have so much to think of in reference to our journey, that I find it very difficult to have my mind sufficiently settled. We are to go by land to the point of the peninsula, and then cross the straits of Manaar to Jaffna. For this journey we must provide palanquins, bearers, coolies, articles to cook with, our food, at least the most of it, our drink, &c., &c. All these things are to be done,—and at the same time we are solicited to go from place to place;

and as friends are so kind as to feel interested in us, we do not like in all cases to refuse; but I assure you it is very fatiguing. You wished to know about my clothes, how and what order they came in. I am sorry to tell you that my black silk frock was entirely spoiled,—turned almost red; my belts, little shawls, gloves, &c., all spotted and discolored. Any thing in *tin*, kept from the air, was nice as ever. We have not yet opened the box with silks, and shall not until we reach Jaffna. I have nothing to wear but white, and the two printed muslins, and have to see a great deal of company. We can get nothing here. The poorest little gauze handkerchief sells for two dollars perhaps. Indeed, it is almost impossible to find any thing. We thought of making up a box of curiosities for home, but cannot obtain any, and must wait until we reach Ceylon. English residents send home for all they need. There are no streets full of shops as with us. I tried to buy something at the native bazars, but had such a crowd after me I was glad to get away and leave my business unfinished. Think of this state of things in a city of 400,000 inhabitants. Going out, one must

always ride, or go in a palanquin. Through the kindness of our friends, we have been taken about, and have seen a good deal of the city and environs. All our friends keep carriages, and seem pleased to accommodate us. I am just now going to ride with Mrs. Laurie. Of her I must speak,—she acts the part of a sister towards me; attends in every little thing to my comfort,—and I have not the smallest claim upon her,—I mean such as I might be supposed to have on the wife of a missionary. These are *not* missionaries, but they love the cause, and love those who are engaged in it. They have urged our staying some time with them. We were first at Mr. Smith's, one of the London Society's missionaries, and still look upon that as our home.

I have just returned from a very pleasant ride on the beach; we found company awaiting us, a gentleman and his wife, who were once members of the celebrated Mr. Irving's church in England. Several other interesting persons present; and much religious conversation. Pious people in Madras are *decidedly pious*,—and manifest their love to the Lord by their

conversation, and talk more than is the case with us. They are very desirous to have Mr. Winslow settled here; and I think there is but a probability that it may be so. However, we go first to Jaffna, where you may suppose I long to be. I am impatient to see dear H., but must wait a long time. We leave many letters here, and my journal to be forwarded by the first opportunity. How anxious I am to hear from you all.—It seems almost an age since I left you. You are not feeling my loss as I do yours,—not an *hour*, scarcely a *moment* passes that I do not think of you, of all; and my heart is so full when I take my pen to write, that I am scarcely able to say any thing, but tell you how sadly I miss you. The sight of the people here affects me in a way that I did not expect. My very soul is sick when I witness the degradation of the natives. They seem so far from righteousness; there are so many,—*and there are so few to do them good.* I feel as if I should be quite willing to stay here and labor among them,—should the way be opened for us to return here. I may feel differently after having seen dear H.; but feel confident the Lord will direct. He has brought

us hither in safety,—has abundantly blessed us on our way, and He will not forsake us now. We had a revival of religion on board the ship, of which you have particulars in the journal. The captain, mate, and several of the seamen were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

There appears to be not much doing among the natives at this place; because there are so few missionaries. Mr. Carver of the Wesleyans, has a little encouragement lately in the conversion of some. He has schools and a missionary chapel on his premises, and it is in that way we hope to be settled, if we should return. I have written to some friends, but not nearly so many as I wished to; being so pressed for time. My object in writing to some, who are not relatives, is that good may be done for the great cause. My feelings would prompt me to write to all my cousins, and some others whom I love most tenderly; but I must wait for the next opportunity. My *relatives* may I think without impropriety see my journal, and they will know more by that than by any letters. However, before lending it, I would have brother S. get it bound in

common binding, that none of the sheets may be lost, as I wish it preserved for the use of the *younger branches*. I wish them to think of me; and to know how I came to leave my beloved country and home. It may soon be bound, as it is all ready paged, &c., &c. My beloved little S., I intended to have written you a separate letter, but cannot now; so will say a word to you in this. Have you forgotten me? Have you ceased to talk about me? I love you still as much as ever, and shall always love you. I pray often for you, that you may be a good little girl; I wish you to come to the Saviour, and give your heart to Him. You must prepare to meet me in heaven. Ask your dear mother to read and pray with you. You know she is delighted to have you a good girl; and will do all she can for you. You must write me a long letter; by this I mean, you must tell your father and mother what you wish to have said, and they will write it for you, and soon I hope you will be able to write yourself. You do not know, my dear child, how good the Lord has been to you, to give you Christian parents, who are kind to you, and will teach you the way to heaven. But were you to see

these poor little heathen children going about naked, and comfortless; having no Christian parents to tell them of Christ, and to take care of them, you would perhaps feel very thankful that you were born in a Christian land. And how is my dear little H.? I think of her, talk of her, and pray for her; and her uncle unites with me in praying for her. He often asks God to "bless dear little S. and H." We do hope these little ones will one day be lambs of Christ's flock,—carried in his arms, laid in his bosom,—and oh! may father, mother, children all, meet us in heaven. I never can express the tenderness I feel for them. Every little thing you can tell me of the beloved family circle, will be most interesting. If you do not write every few days, much will escape your memory that I ought to know.

Mr. Winslow called on the bishop's family, a day or two since, and I have just received a call from Mrs. E. (the bishop's mother-in-law), which it seems I am to consider quite an honor; it not being the custom for them to call on any one. But this lady is very pious, and professes to feel much regard for Mr. W., having known him in Calcutta. She expressed

great regret at my leaving so soon, and that I had not time to come to them. I value the attentions of the pious, and feel grateful for all I have received. I must leave to write to dear sister S. We are praying for her. Do you, my beloved brother and sister, try to be faithful to her. Pray much for her, and—need I say to you, pray for us. Our hearts are with you. Go often as you can to see our little girls, and write us about them. Farewell, dearest, best beloved.

Yours, CATHARINE WINSLOW.

CHAPTER XI.

Madras, April 6th.—Our preparations for our journey would appear quite formidable to you, and indeed they do to me, although I am sensibly falling into Indian customs. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight are to go down in company with us. We have each of us a palanquin; to each of these there are twelve bearers, making forty-eight. There are two torch-bearers for the company. Then there are coolies to carry baggage, and basket for our cooking utensils, and food, &c., making the whole number (ourselves included) sixty-five persons. The whole of the bearers, coolies, &c., are here lying about under the trees in the compound, waiting for us to start, which we are to do at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The arrangement is to travel by night, and lie by at the rest-houses during the day. I have just finished our preparations for the journey, and feel very tired. Having been up before daylight this morning, we went very early to see the fort, and I was

much gratified with a view of the church, fortifications, &c. There is a fine marble statue of Cornwallis within the walls, and among many other beautiful monuments in the church, is one to the memory of Swartz. We returned to Mr. Smith's, from whence we take our departure for the South.

Sadras Rest-house, April 7th.—After a noisy preparation, we were enabled to get away from Madras at the hour appointed, and as you are not accustomed to this mode of traveling, it will perhaps be well to tell you a little of our journey. I had in my palanquin my writing apparatus, books of devotion, night caps, shawl, spoons, tumbler, some cakes, &c., a mattrass pillow and cloak to cover me in the night. I was advised to put on my night gown, and be ready to sleep. We had an affecting parting with our dear friends the Smiths, and left them, after praying the last thing, our hearts deeply impressed with a sense of their kindness; and indeed we have much reason to remember the kindness received from many Christian friends at that place. We were to go to the Wesleyan Mission House, where our friends the Dwights awaited us.

On arriving there, found them not quite ready. Mr. and Mrs. Drew came to see us off, and after another season of prayer, in which Mr. Carver and Mr. Drew, as well as Mr. W., took part, we were told that all was ready. So large a number of persons setting off by torch-light, was to me a novel sight. We had a striking illustration of Scripture in seeing the bearers "gird up their loins," preparatory to running. A piece of cloth several yards long is tightly bound around the body, and this, with the turban, constitutes the dress. Six carry the palanquin, and six run by the side to relieve the others. They change quite often. Another Scriptural custom is quite worthy of notice. The torch-bearers carry a vessel of oil, with which they very often feed the torch or lamp. In the parable of the ten virgins, it is said of the foolish virgins, they took no oil in their vessels with their lamps. After again saying farewell, we were once more on our way. Lying alone in my palanquin, and seeing nothing but heathen about me, and hearing the unpleasant and harsh cries of my bearers, the torches flashing at times across me as they shook them in the air

and then suddenly let them fall again, a feeling of sadness came over me. I felt that I was indeed in the midst of the heathen. I thought of my dear friends, and hoped you were all sleeping peacefully, and in contrasting my situation with yours, I was obliged to lift up my voice in prayer, that the Lord would support and cheer me. It is very seldom that I feel thus; but this traveling by night and alone is quite calculated to give a sort of forlorn feeling. We crossed two rivers; the first the bearers forded, but the second we were obliged to be ferried over in boats. This, in the dark, was no small circumstance. I did not know what they were about for some time, whether I was in the water floating in my palanquin, or in a boat. We were one after another sent across, and after two hours more hard trotting we rested a few moments at a most picturesque spot. A well, with a large banian tree over it and groups of the beautiful palmyra all about us. I was ill, or I should have enjoyed it very much. It was just after midnight; the moon had been up a half hour and shed a soft and mellow light over the scene. Our companions were on the ground

resting; some sitting, some lying down. I took a little walk and felt the better for it. After a short halt again, we set off and did not stop until dawn. Then also they chose a beautiful spot among large banians, with their hundred stems, appearing like a grove instead of a single tree. We passed the ruins of the seven pagodas, which Mr. Winslow has described in one of his journals. *Sadras*, our first stage, was at this place, fourteen miles from M., where we arrived at 7 o'clock. It is a government rest-house, very airy, spacious, and convenient. We found chairs, tables, and couches. I was so glad to obtain water to wash, and to rest from the violent shaking I had had through the night. We found some natives here, and they soon provided a good breakfast for us. The house is open to the sea. On one side are extensive ruins of a fort, &c., on the other, a large burying-place, which we hope to visit as soon as the sun gets lower. Through the heat of the day we must rest.

Afternoon.—We have visited the fort and found it quite an extensive ruin. Ivy had overgrown the walls, and the birds build their

nests in the embrasures. Some of the fire-proof magazines are still tolerably entire. We penetrated through it to the sea-shore. Listened awhile to the roar of the surf, and on turning to go to the rest-house we were quite struck with the beauty of the evening sky, as seen through the openings of the ruin. The cocoa-nut tree is always to be seen near the sea, and is a most beautiful feature in the landscape. We waited at the rest-house until after dark, hoping that our trunk which we had been expecting all day would arrive. It did not, however, come, and we were obliged to set off without it, although much in want of many things which were in it.

April 8th.—Tainbarcum, 25 miles from Madras. Our bearers were not able to run as many miles as on our first stage, but have brought us twenty-five miles. The rest-house at this place is vastly inferior to the one at Sadras. It is, however, very pleasantly situated in the midst of a grove of trees, among which are the banyan, jack-fruit, custard, apple, mango, cassier, nut, pamplemouse, together with the beautiful palmyra and cocoa-palm. I have been to walk a little under the shades,

and found it very pleasant to listen to the song of the birds, and the cooing of the turtle doves among the branches. We went near an arm of the sea, and enjoyed the breeze from over the water exceedingly. A dense smoke was seen on the bank, supposed to proceed from the burning of a corpse. On our return we noticed a most singular instance of the union of the banyan tree with the palmyra. The trunk of the palmyra was completely enclosed by that of the banyan, the foliage of which encircled the lower part, while the stately palmyra, with its fan-like leaves, rose in its beauty far above the other, forming, as it were, a crown to the whole. We gathered some delicate flowers, and returned to our resting-place. Opposite to us were native houses, many people about them. I expressed a wish to go over with Mr. Winslow, as he was about distributing tracts to the people. On entering one of the houses we saw a brahmin engaged in preparing food. He motioned for us to go away. On our turning to come out we were met by another brahmin, who explained to us the reason of our not being allowed to stay. They were about to eat, and

are not willing to be seen at that time. Mr. W. conversed with this man, and with some others. One woman stood by, and on some words being addressed to her, the brahmin replied for her, saying that *the woman's god was her husband*, that she needed no other. This man followed us over to the rest-house, and received some tracts which he promised to read. He acknowledged that they were all involved in darkness, and that they needed both light and instruction. He had the brahminical string over his shoulder, and the mark of the trident on his forehead. I can do nothing but pray for these poor benighted ones. Some day I hope to be able to speak to them of a Saviour. I find it painful to be in the midst of them and not a word to say of the concerns of the immortal soul. May it prove a spur to me in acquiring a knowledge of this difficult language. A wandering fakir came to us with his begging-dish and his box containing all his charms and incantations. He had traveled all the way from Hydrabad on foot. Mr. W. gave him some tracts, on which he showed an Arabic tract in manuscript, which had been given him. His form was so attenu-

ated as to give one the idea of a skeleton. I offered him food, supposing he was hungry, he wished for money and would not accept the food, but took some pieces of glass from a little wallet and began to chew them; I turned from him with feelings of pity, not choosing to witness his self-tortures. Alas! that a life should be spent in this miserable way, this bondage to the prince of the powers of darkness.

Our next stage brought us to Pondicherry, one of the few stations the French still hold in India. It is a populous and pretty town, the European part of it is regular and clean, and is adorned with several churches. I walked to the sea-shore, saw several ships in the offing. All along the shore, for a great distance, there is a fine shaded walk of fir trees, trimmed in such a way as to appear of one form exactly. We saw the best part of the town early in the day, and returned to the hotel to a French breakfast—coffee, fish, eggs, and toast—how much better than curry and mulligatawny!

Left Pondicherry rather earlier in the day than is usual to travel, as we were desirous of reaching Cuddalore the same night. It was

about four o'clock when we took up our line of march. The Pondicherry territory extends but a short distance on either side of the town. It is so entirely cultivated as to resemble a large garden. Our early departure gave us a fine opportunity to see something of the country. Within two leagues of the end of the stage, we came in sight of a gigantic statue of Budha in stone. I had been enjoying the almost unrivaled beauties of the scenery, admiring the magnificent trees, &c., but when this idol appeared in all its hideous deformity, boldly defined against the clear sky, all my pleasant impressions were at once put to flight, and the painful truth was forced upon me that this beautiful section of country was one of the strong-holds of heathenism. We stopped the palanquin and entered the precincts of the spot devoted to the worship of the false god. Budah, with his attendants, was in the open air, but there were small temples for Pulhia and one other god. These inferior deities were profusely ornamented with garlands of flowers. Pulhia is horribly ugly, having the elephant's trunk; you may recollect to have seen it among the pictures of the gods. Sev-

eral priests were in attendance, to whom Mr. W. spoke of the true God. On our leaving they asked for money for *Swarney ;* Mr. W. told them to come with us to the palanquin and he would give tracts, but no money. They followed us and received the books, promising to read them.

Cuddalore, *Saturday*, *9th.*—At nine this evening we reached the beautiful and hospitable mansion of Rev. Mr. Hallowell, English Chaplain at this place. He is a friend of Mr. W's, had been apprised by letter of our intended stop, and was expecting us. Mrs. Hallowell was in the verandah to receive me, and as I emerged from the darkness and confinement of my palanquin into a beautifully lighted and spacious hall, it seemed almost like enchantment. The sea breeze wafted the perfume of flowers to us as it came over the garden, giving life and animation to my wearied body. Abundant refreshment was soon provided, and we have had a delightful evening of rest.

Sabbath evening, *April* 10*th.*—Rode this morning a distance of two miles to church. Mr. Hallowell gave us a truly gospel sermon. He preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

The audience was composed of English pensioners and their families, some officers and soldiers, and a few natives. Mrs. Hallowell has a Sabbath school which she attends after morning service. This evening walked on the terrace at the top of the house, from whence we had a fine view of the country, the garden, &c. While there, conversed together of those things which belong to our everlasting welfare. Our hearts were, as I trust, raised to God in gratitude for all he has done for us since we have left our home, our friends. We left the terrace and entered through a venetian door our sleeping apartment, (which is raised one story above the center of the roof for the sake of air,) and in the retirement of this pleasant room we spent some time in reading and prayer, sang two hymns, and then joined our kind friends below. This house is very spacious and beautiful, the most so of any I have been at in India. All the rooms on the ground floor were opened and brilliantly lighted. We had quite a long walk through the apartments while waiting for tea. After prayers retired, having had a pleasant

Sabbath of rest. The Lord make us thankful for his continued mercies.

Monday, 11*th*.—Spent a pleasant day with our very interesting friends. They have no children, and would seem lonely in this large establishment, were it not that the Christian who realizes the presence of his God is never alone; and these appear to be Christians, indeed; manifesting their faith by a holy walk and conversation, appearing humble, devout, and desirous of doing good in the world. Our trunk, which we had supposed lost, came up this afternoon. We repacked and took out such things as we needed, and arranged to set off at evening on our journey, although strongly urged to prolong our stay.

When all was ready, there yet remained an hour of daylight, and Mr. Hallowell invited me to ride out with him. I had put up my hat, and declined on that account going, but Mrs. Hallowell kindly removed all objections by furnishing me with a bonnet of hers. I had a most refreshing ride; saw the ruins of a celebrated fort where Bernadotte fought and was taken prisoner many years since. We found them waiting tea for us on our return,

and having partaken with them, immediately took leave. Mr. Hallowell gave me his blessing in most affecting terms, inviting me to come again to his house as to a home, and saying, that any of my friends, traveling in India, he should always be happy to welcome. Here was an instance of hospitality as exercised by the English in this country. We have, indeed, received much kindness; the Lord opens the way before us continually. To meet with these truly delightful resting-places reminds me sometimes of the "pilgrim's progress;" we, like Christian, find the "three sisters" waiting to administer to our necessities. We are fed and refreshed and enabled to go on our way rejoicing.

Chillumbrum, *Tuesday*, 12*th*. — Reached this place at break of day, and after washing and dressing at the rest-house, which is quite a comfortable one, we walked over to the *pagodas*, which are so celebrated that it is enough to have *seen* them to qualify a person for heaven—at least, so say the brahmins. We entered through one of the four large pagodas, all of which are three hundred feet high, and covered to their very summits with

sculpture of the richest tracery, projecting in bold relief from the foundation to the top. They are remarkably fine specimens of pyramidal architecture. After stopping frequently to admire the immense blocks of granite used in the construction of the gateway or base of the pyramid through which we were entering, we emerged into a large open space or quadrangle, within the walls, where were shrines for the different objects of worship, and shelter for three thousand brahmins, (the number said to belong to these temples;) there is also a large tank with stone steps on the four sides down to the bottom, a verandah passing entirely around it. Here were many devotees engaged in bathing and worshiping. After dipping in the water, they bowed themselves toward the sun holding up their clasped hands and muttering over some indistinct sentences, then again dipping the face in the water and again repeating the same ceremony toward the sun. Much affected with this sight, I turned away and walked on. We were soon surrounded by young brahmins offering to conduct us about the place. They first took us to the inner temple, or, as it is called, the choul-

try of a thousand pillars. A flight of granite steps led us into the choultry, (a flat roofed building supported upon the thousand columns from which it is named,) these elegant columns, although they all bear precisely the same character, are nevertheless every one differently embellished; figures of their numberless gods and goddesses, sacred birds, beasts, and fruit, flowers, and scroll work of different forms cover them from top to the bottom, showing the amazing fertility of invention of those who in by-gone days erected these stupendous edifices. We wandered in and out, admiring and wondering at these great works of art, and mourning that such monuments of idolatry should be found in these days of light and knowledge; but, alas, there is no light or knowledge here, all is heathenish darkness; all are lying in the arms of the wicked one, and his prolific head has been working in the invention and execution of these efforts to rear temples which shall throw a charm over idol worship and make it most imposing and fascinating. In our walk through the choultry, we looked down upon a garden, where, one of the boys told us, flowers were cultivated for the

gods. Soon they brought us to another pagoda seven stories in height, with much of admirable skill and workmanship displayed in its various parts. Within its walls we saw the sacred bull, adorned with garlands of flowers, composed of the rich blossoms of the double oleander, strung together without any of the green leaves. The animal walked carelessly about as if seeking food, quite at ease, and untroubled by his gay trappings. We were now admitted into the more private part of this immense structure, where the idol was seated, lamps burning before it, and brahmins holding up long wreaths of the richest and rarest flowers with which they were about to adorn it. We were not allowed to go very near. Our distance, together with the dim lights from the lamps, gave to the figures of both priests and idol an indistinctness or rather an unearthliness of appearance difficult to describe. I thought of the spirits of the pit, of the abode of Satan, of all his dark machinations to ruin the souls of the children of men; and I said, surely this is his strong-hold. I was glad to turn away and look at other things. A monstrous living elephant in one corner was scarce-

ly noticed, while so much remained to be seen that served to show the miserable state of the heathen, and with which I feel it my duty to make myself in some sort acquainted, that I may be able to feel for them, and to pray more for them. A particular examination of the whole establishment would be the work of many days, and require much more time than we have now to spare. We returned to the rest-house, followed by a crowd of brahmins and boys; Mr. Winslow talking on the subject of religion to them, and they talking and listening alternately. At the house we distributed tracts, which they were most eager to receive. Some of these persons had most intelligent countenances, and fine forms; their gestures were most expressive. I could understand much by the looks and gestures. How I longed for a knowledge of the language, that I might have the privilege of communicating with them. They showed an unwillingness to leave us, but we wished to have prayers and breakfast, and requested them to go. Towards evening they again visited us in crowds. One pilgrim carrying holy water, was among the foremost and most eager in his inquiries. I sat in my pa-

lanquin and listened to one of the most earnest dialogues perhaps that I have ever heard. More tracts were circulated, and all was said in favor of the Christian religion that could be in the short time allowed for the conference. Mr. and Mrs. Dwight had not yet visited the temple. They left the rest-house a little earlier than we, in order to stop there. We had prayers in our palanquin, and then resumed our journey.

Wednesday, 13*th*. *Myaveram Church Mission House.*—Arrived here at day-break, after a tolerably pleasant night. I slept more than in any former night's travel, and of course was not so much wearied as at other times. We found the Mission house uninhabited. The furniture remains, also the library, which is a tolerably good one. A native Catechist has charge of the station; he soon made us very comfortable. It appears to be a fine situation for a mission family, good house, out buildings, furniture, &c. I felt sorry to see it unoccupied, and to see such good furniture going to decay. After washing and dressing, I took a little walk before the sun was up. Things

appeared sadly in the gardens and about the premises, for the want of occupants.

At eight o'clock about thirty persons assembled for prayer at the Mission Chapel. Mr. Winslow read, expounded and prayed with them; after which, we were introduced by the Catechist to some native Christians, among whom was an old woman more than eighty years of age, who has been a Christian about two years. Her appearance was very interesting; her gray hair nicely parted on the top of her head, a white cloth over the back of the hair brought down and folded across the breast, extending a little below the waist, where a second cloth met it and fell to her feet, the two cloths forming a complete yet simple covering. I was much affected by her tears as she spoke of the love of Jesus. This afternoon the Catechist had nearly two hundred children collected from the village schools, a number of teachers accompanying them. They read and wrote in the sand very well. Mr. W. addressed both children and teachers, after which we prepared for our departure.

Thursday, April 14th. Coimbaconum.—Have had a tolerably cool night, arrived as

usual, early this morning, much fatigued; found the rest-house occupied by a gentleman and his family; he was waiting a few days in it that his own house, which was near, might be repaired. It was now ready for him, and he was expecting to leave the rest-house immediately after breakfast. He insisted that we should breakfast and dine with him. We had a pleasant day with his family, consisting of a wife and two fine children. He was an English lieutenant, commanding a detachment in the neighborhood. I shall not soon forget his kindness.

Tanjore, *April* 15*th*.—Early this morning entered Tanjore. A letter had been sent apprising Mr. and Mrs. Kohloff of the intended visit; rooms were in readiness for us, with many comforts. At breakfast we met all the members of this interesting family. Old Mr. Kohloff (pupil and colleague of the venerable Swartz during the latter years of his life,) is all that is venerable in the Christian minister. After seeing him, none will say that *age* is dark and unlovely. His cheerful reception of us was most gratifying. To me he said, "Madam, I have great joy in welcoming you

to my house, on your own account, and also on that of Mrs. Scudder, whom I have twice had the pleasure of entertaining here." You will all recollect sister H. was here on her way to the "Hills," when she was in great distress of mind, and afterwards she was again here in great happiness, with her husband restored to health, and her babe which was born on the "Hills."

Mrs. Kohloff is all kindness, treats me like one of her own family. She is a most affectionate mother to five children,—three daughters and two sons. Eldest daughter named *Sophia*. Need I say that *Sophia* Kohloff is dearer to me than all the rest, or that her name sounds most sweetly in my ear? For my beloved sister's sake I can say "name ever dear to me." At dinner Mr. K. related many interesting anecdotes of the devoted Swartz, which have never appeared in print, and which I should like to repeat to you if I had opportunity. After dinner we rode to the Fort, within the walls of which, there is much to interest a stranger. They show a cannon twenty-five feet in length, a sort of curiosity to some; but I was not much interested in seeing

it, at least not so much as I was in the prospect of the rich country about the fort, seen as it was to fine advantage from the eminence on which the gun is placed. A most exquisite landscape lay beneath us; palm-trees waving in every direction for miles, together with the rich margosa, than which nothing of tree kind can be more beautiful; an undulating country with a river rolling through its rich green of various shades, and many little villages with temples, &c., far as the eye could reach it was like a garden; and indeed this may be said of the whole district of Tanjore,—it is not large, but exceedingly rich and fruitful. But to return to the place where the gun is,—we saw a curious time-keeper at this place, (as simple and ancient as the brazen candlestick of olden time used by the Saxon kings as a clock). A circular flat piece of bell metal suspended from a wooden beam was used to *sound* the hour, while to *ascertain* it a copper bowl with a very small hole in the bottom, is placed floating in a vessel of water. It is just one hour in filling itself with water through the hole in the bottom; some Sepoys are always there to watch it, and strike the circular wheel instantly with

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a large hammer. It may be heard distinctly through Tanjore. We now descended from the eminence to visit the royal menagerie,—saw some very fine wild animals; such as tigers, hyenas, leopards, &c., enclosed in cages, and a large number of tame elephants in the open space.

Permission had been previously sought and obtained by the Kohloffs, for us to enter the Rajah's palace, and see the statue of the late Rajah of Tanjore. It is of the purest white marble, justly celebrated for its surpassing beauty. The delicate foldings of the robe, the beautiful bordering and fringe of the shawl thrown over the shoulder are inimitably fine. The figure is in full dress, with many jewels, and strings of pearls. It is placed on a pedestal supported by lions. The whole is on an immense block of polished granite, fifteen feet square. Saw on our return all the royal carriages,—one uncommonly rich, sent from the king of England to the late Rajah. In passing through the precincts of the palace, I was much struck with the union of the *great* and the *mean*. The dirt and rubbish in some places was almost sickening. Parts of the

palace are fast going to decay. The present Rajah is by no means popular with the people. We are told that he tries to have every thing as different as possible from the wishes of his deceased father, who was quite a valuable man in his way, possessing much information obtained through Swartz, of whom he was once a pupil. It is to be regretted, that with such an instructor he never became a Christian,—but died a slave to the superstitions of heathenism. The walls of the palace are daubed with uncouth and heathenish figures; men, monkeys, peacocks, &c. I left the place, wearied to nervousness, glad to escape the throng of natives pressing upon us on all sides. A short drive brought us to the church within the walls of the fort, where is the monument erected by the late Rajah to the memory of Swartz. The church was cool and clean. We were no longer annoyed by the crowd, nor our affecting train of associations broken by noise and confusion. I gazed with deep feeling at the tablet which represents the venerable missionary in his dying moments, the Rajah by his side,—two of the ministers of state in attendance,—a Gospel minister by the head of the bed, three

of his pupils looking on. The whole is finely done in bas relief, of the purest white marble. This church is the one which he was engaged in building at the time he was solicited to leave to go on an embassy to Hyder Ali. He declined going on account of these engagements, but was told that if he would go, the church should be finished for him, as was accordingly done.

Saturday, 16*th.*—Had visitors at evening, quite a large circle, from I think, seven or eight different *nations*,—Danes, Germans, English, Americans, country born, or East Indians from different parts of this vast Eastern world. The conversation was such as became those who were partakers of Gospel benefits. Good old Mr. Kohloff seemed to enjoy himself in listening. He is now quite deaf, and a little infirm from rheumatism, otherwise he appears to enjoy a green old age.

Sabbath morn., 17*th.*—I went immediately after breakfast to the chapel to hear the Tamul service. A large native congregation were assembled. After prayers, a sermon was delivered by a native priest. The natives were seated on the floor, seemingly quite attentive;

some were writing on the olla leaf. The remains of Swartz lie under the floor of this chapel,—and not, as one might suppose, at the church in the fort, where the monument is. There is a simple stone slab over his grave, on which is inscribed the following lines, composed by the Rajah himself:

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise,
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort.
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing, and pointing to, that which is right.
Blessing to princes, to people, to me,
May I my father, be worthy of thee!
Wisheth and prayeth the *Sarabogee*."

They are not only curious, as having been written by a Hindoo,—but bear a most honorable testimony to the worth of this excellent man.

At evening had an interesting visit from the old native priest, Nyána Pracásum, now eighty-four years old. Was converted to Christianity during the ministry of Swartz. It was pleasant to hear him say that the Lord Jesus was most precious, that His service is a blessed service. Mr. W. conversed a long time with him, and

I hope to the strengthening of his faith. The natives brought us presents of beautifully formed boquets, composed of sweet scented flowers, proper for perfuming clothes, much used by the people, although too strong for one who seldom uses perfumes of any kind.

Monday.—Have been ill all night; not able to join the family at breakfast. Rose at ten o'clock rather better; put my trunks in order for the continuance of the journey. Received letters here from dear H. and the children, also from the Doctor, expressing an almost uncontrollable anxiety for our arrival at Jaffna. Had many calls from friends in course of the day, and received much kind attention. At six o'clock we started, after having had prayers put up by dear old Mr. Kohloff, whose kindness I shall never forget. He spent all the afternoon in putting up garden seeds for us. Mrs. Kohloff took Mrs. Dwight and myself in her carriage several miles on our way, until we overtook the palanquins, which had been sent on before. Final adieus were at last exchanged, and we separated. I lay in my palanquin awake for some hours; suddenly there was a great noise and many exclama-

tions among the bearers, the palanquin was placed hurriedly upon the ground. Mr. Winslow soon came up, and informed me that one of my bearers had been bitten by a serpent. I was much shocked, fearing his immediate death. He stood just by me, his countenance distorted with pain. While some of the bearers were rubbing his foot and leg, others were trying to encourage him to hope. The torches and lanterns were soon brought near, and the foot examined ; two places were discovered,— these were scraped to make them bleed ; eau-de-Cologne applied, a dose of brandy given to him, and he was urged to run and keep up with us until we reached some village, or could get some assistance. It was left to his choice to remain where he was, with one to take care of him, or to go. He chose the latter, and again we set off, my mind full of anxiety about the poor man, exposed thus to sudden death. After two hours I found, much to my astonishment, that he kept up with us and felt better. I hope I felt thankful to God for sparing him.

Trichenopoly, 17*th.*—At day-break we caught a distant view of the famous rock of Trichenopoly. It was still some miles distant.

We had made a very long run, a distance of 38 miles. I was so wearied with the violent shaking as to dread seeing any body, and longed for a quiet place of rest. We stopped in the fort at the house of Mr. Simpson, the German Missionary. Mr. Winslow went in to see him, and soon returned to say, that "it had been arranged for us to go three miles farther to Captain Walsh's house in the cantonment. The Dwights were to go to Lieutenant Woods. Mr. Simpson, being a bachelor, had no accommodations for so large a party. As we declined going in, he sent us a cup of tea and some biscuit to the palanquin; having had a sleepless night, I was much refreshed by the tea. The poor bearers very cheerfully took up their loads again; and at the end of another hour we stopped, and were most kindly received by Captain Walsh, just fresh from his morning toilet; his red coat, silver buttons, and clean white pantaloons, contrasting finely, (or curiously I should say), with our jaded figures, as we emerged from the palanquins in dishabille, hair disheveled, &c., &c. He offered me his arm, and as I ascended a noble flight of steps leading into a spacious hall, I

hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, there was something so ludicrous about it, yet I was nervous enough to feel excessively annoyed to be thus forced to appear. I went immediately to my room, where I found every thing for my comfort. And oh, how refreshing to get plenty of water, and change one's clothing after a night's travel in a palanquin. At ten o'clock I was sufficiently rested to go out to breakfast, where I was introduced to Captain and Mrs. Butcher, (to whom the establishment belongs. Captain Walsh being with them only while his family are at the "Hills.") He, being a friend of Mr. Winslow, had requested the pleasure of entertaining him as soon as he learned he was expected at Trichenopoly. Although high in the army, they are all devotedly pious. Mrs. Butcher is the daughter of an English missionary, and often expressed her pleasure in having Mr. Winslow a day or two with her; having heard much of him from her father. She is young and beautiful, has two sweet children, a boy and girl. She was born in this country, educated in England. The celebrated temples of Seringham are in this neighborhood. Mrs. Butcher arranged for

us all to go and see them. These pagodas are on an island, formed by the Cavery and Colroon rivers; there are seven of them, of which I hope to tell you more after having seen them.

CHAPTER XII.

Evening.—At four this afternoon we set off for Seringham in a beautiful pony phaeton of Capt. Butcher's, himself and wife accompanying us. After a pleasant ride of some miles through groves of cocoa-nut and other trees, we reached the banks of the Cavery, where we found the Dwights with Lieut. Wood awaiting us. Capt. B. had given orders to have palanquins and bearers in readiness here, and we exchanged the carriages for them. I went in a *tonjon*, a sort of pleasure palanquin, in which you set upright as in a gig, instead of lying down, but are borne by the natives the same as in the palanquin. I wished to look about me, and therefore chose this kind of conveyance. Capt. B. and Mr. Winslow were mounted on ponies. We formed a large company, three palanquins, three on horseback, my little carriage. We had thirty-two bearers in all; a peon or sort of soldier to clear the way, two lantern-bearers, and other run-

ners or attendants whose business I did not exactly know. I was glad to see among others, the man who had been bitten by the serpent, now quite recovered.

The pagodas are walled in, for a mile square. Within this enclosure there are one thousand houses, besides the temples, choultries, tanks, &c.; these houses are occupied by the brahmins and their families and dependencies. Ten thousand persons live in and about these temples, subsisting out of the revenue collected by the British Government from devotees at this place, a certain part of which is paid over to these brahmins. Some offerings are received directly by them from the worshipers. It is one of the strongest holds of heathenism in India, therefore I had a wish to see it.

I should not like to weary you with a description of the pagodas, and of the idolatrous sculpture of human figures, beasts and fabulous beings with which the place abounds. I do think my feelings of pity and compassion for the poor misguided heathen are more aroused than they ever were before, and that is my object in going to such places. It is not to gratify a vain curiosity; I do want to

know as much as possible of the state of idolaters, that I may pray more, labor more. In visiting these temples we have usually a crowd after us, who are anxious to receive books and tracts, and to whom Mr. Winslow takes opportunities of speaking in the name of the Saviour. Here we saw another thousand pillared choultry similar to that at Chillumbrum, which I have before described. We went to the top of it and had a view of the whole island. These large pagodas, tanks, choultries, &c., surrounded us, or rather lay at our feet. Monkeys in great numbers were skipping about these *sacred* temples, and are not allowed to be disturbed, but are fed and cherished by the brahmins. I was glad to rest my weary eye on the beautiful groves extending far beyond the enclosure, and composed of all the most beautiful of Indian trees, with now and then a small white dome or cupola peeping out through the rich foliage. The windings of the river, with the natives washing their clothes on the banks, gave animation and beauty to the scene. On descending again into the choultry from the clear light and fresh air of heaven, I was almost made sick by the impurity of the atmos-

phere, and with difficulty made my way through the darkness and the many devious windings among the columns. Capt. B. (whose arm I had) remarked, "It is indeed a fitting place for deeds of darkness." I thought, "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret." How many times have I wished that Christians in America could see what I have seen, and which cannot well be written. Sure I am they would come up with more alacrity to the help of the Lord against the mighty. They never can have a correct idea of the extent of the delusion and ignorance of the heathen without witnessing some such scenes as have lately come before us. Mr. Winslow remarked to me to-day, that he tried in vain to throw some of these things before friends, (while he was at home,) but felt always that he could not make it appear as he wished. There are so many surrounding objects and circumstances to be taken into view. For instance, in attempting to describe one of these immense pagodas, they are so filled with sculpture, so curiously adorned, such pondrous stones used in the construction, so many brahmins, monkeys, beggars, fakirs, blind and de-

formed persons, together with all kinds of noise, that it is impossible to make Christian people understand it all; they may get your idea of the temple *alone*, but it is the *whole* of the scene which makes you feel most forcibly that you are in the midst of the heathen. The mighty arm of Omnipotence can turn and overturn, and will finally bring all nations into subjection. Here is my trust. This buoys me up when I am nearly faithless. "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

It was a relief to leave this seat of Satan, with all its mixture of curious, wonderful, and wicked things; its gilded domes, its painted walls, and its spacious tanks, for the washing away of sin. (To wash in the Cavery is said to make free from all impurity.) Oh! that they knew of that fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins—that fountain so long since opened for sin and uncleanness. We had a pleasant ride home, found tea waiting, and the hall finely lighted for an evening prayer meeting. Mrs. Butcher had been telling me, as we rode home, that every Tuesday

evening they had a meeting of the pious officers and their wives at her house, and that she had found it a great comfort to her in this benighted land.

Some of the company had arrived before us. Fifteen sat down to the tea table, the neatness and elegance of which was quite worthy the lady who presided. Immediately after the removal of the things, Bibles and hymn books were laid before us. Mr. W. was requested to read and explain some part of Scripture. He did so ; prayer and singing followed, and thus ended our first day at Trichenopoly.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—Rose very early this morning, and while it was yet dark, entered the carriage in company with our kind entertainers to visit the fort and rock of Trichenopoly. We had a ride of about three miles to the fort, which is the original and most ancient part of Trichenopoly. It stands about half a mile from the south bank of the Cavery river, and is a place of great antiquity, importance, and fame in Indian history. The flag-staff is placed on the summit of a very large insulated mass of bare red rock, which rising abruptly and almost perpendicularly to the height of

500 feet, forms a conspicuous and imposing object at a distance in every direction. An extensive quadrangular structure of brick and chunam, surmounted with colossal figures of various kinds, the objects of Hindoo veneration, covers an abutment of the rock immediately below the site of the flag-staff; its broad terraced roof giving to the whole a castellated appearance. As we ascended the rock and reached the door of this structure, we sought permission to enter, but were not allowed. They affirmed that no European had ever been within the doors. Various tales are related of strange rites and ceremonies practiced within these walls, but I presume they are mostly conjectural. It is probable that none but the brahmins know much of it. There is an easy access to the flag-staff and top of the rock by a spacious flight of stone steps on one side. This elevated spot commands a most extensive, varied, and beautiful prospect of the fort, (the walls of which are built in the form of an oblong square, enclosing the rock,) the island of Seringham and its many pagodas, of the serpentine meanderings of the Caveny and Coleroon, and the surrounding country for a great

distance. The horizon is bounded by the lofty and extensive range of mountains, including the Chevery and Salem hills running from S. W. to N. E. which form the Ghauts dividing theCarnatic from the Mysore country. Immediately below the rock is the black town. The old palace and gardens are quite near the rock. At a short distance outside the walls we noticed a splendid dome surmounting a mosque in the midst of a cocoa-nut grove. In every direction there seemed to be something to wonder at; if I had not as it were ceased to wonder at any thing since I have been in this part of the world. The fatigue of ascending so many steps was indescribable; I never was so much exhausted with any effort of the kind. What a relief it was to get into the carriage again. We rode around some distance to see the church where Bishop Heber was interred; saw also the barracks and parade ground, and the *temperance hotel* just finished by the officers' temperance society. At this hotel nothing stronger than lemonade and coffee is sold. We found the good people quite alive on the subject of temperance. Capt. Walsh, who has all his life been accustomed to

the use of wine, now satisfies himself with a glass of toast-water at dinner, that those under him may have the benefit of his example.

On reaching the house I went immediately to bed, as did Mrs. B. also. She kindly ordered breakfast for me in my own room. I was glad to be excused from exertion of any kind. After resting I rose and accomplished some writing; met some company at dinner, after which we made ready to go. At six in the evening took leave of dear Trichenopoly friends, carrying with us a strong sense of their kindness. It is a painful thing to leave in this way after having been treated so affectionately, to be forced to tear one's self away, never expecting to meet on earth again. This we are continually called to do.

Thursday, 21*st*. *Toremankuchy*.—Had a tolerably comfortable night; accomplished forty miles distance, a long run. We find here a good rest-house, bathing rooms, &c., but have found no *friends* to welcome us. The scenery for some miles back has been of quite a different character from any I have seen in this country. The trees about us appear more like our own forest trees, and at

my right hand, as I lay in my palanquin, I saw a range of hills looking much like those back of Westfield. How many thoughts of past days were in a moment called up; days when I have been on my way to dear mother, and my eye has caught a view of the blue hills in the distance. Here at the rest-house I still look upon mountains appearing just about as far off as those do from Westfield, but here is no dear mother to receive me and attend to the thousand nameless things that go to make one comfortable after a journey, to imprint the kiss of affection on my cheek, and to listen to the history of the short journey. As I can no more see and talk with her, I please myself with penning little particulars which will I hope interest her, thankful that I can communicate in this way with one whom I love so much. Just about departing for another night's march. A fine shower with some vivid lightning detained us rather later than usual.

Mayloor.—We had a good run the first part of the night over a fine road with an avenue of large trees, the branches of which met over our heads. Towards morning we were stopped by a mound of earth in the midst of

the road. We left the palanquin, descended a steep bank, and walked about a quarter of a mile in the fields, until we had passed the difficulty and were again able to get upon the highway. A gigantic monument of idolatry was near us in the shape of a horse; there were many stone figures of idols about. The horse and rider appeared to be chiseled from one immense stone. Our bearers seemed to admire it much.

We got here quite early this morning; found the rest-house occupied by the collector. One room was given us, together with a bathing or dressing room. While we were getting ready for breakfast, Mr. Todd arrived, (one of our missionaries from Madura.) He had come one stage in a bullock bandy in order to meet us. Being the first of our missionaries we had seen, you may suppose he met a cordial welcome. He said Mr. Poor was anxiously expecting us at Madura. In course of the morning we had a visit from the collector. Mr. Winslow held a long conversation with him on Indian affairs, particularly respecting *obliging* the natives to assist in drawing the cars of the idols at the heathen festivals. I hope it may

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do good; the collector has sufficient power to suppress all such abuses if he pleased to exercise it.

Madura.—We left *Mayloor* immediately after dinner, in hope of reaching Madura by midnight. The bearers were encouraged by a promise of extra reward, and they did well. At eleven o'clock my palanquin was set down before the door of the Mission house; the others had not yet come up. Mr. Poor received me most affectionately, exclaiming, "Is this sister Winslow? how happy I am to see you." Mrs. Poor stood ready to give the kiss of welcome, and I was then shown into the house, where again and again I received the embrace of these kind friends. On the arrival of my husband, (who had left his palanquin and run some distance, trying to reach the house in time to introduce me,) quite an affecting scene took place in the meeting of these long tried and old friends.

The tea table was ready, and we enjoyed a cup of tea very much. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence live in a bungalow very near this, and they were with us immediately. After tea they took Mr. and Mrs. Dwight home with

them. We had a long talk with Mr. and Mrs. Poor; had thanksgivings and prayers, and got to bed about one o'clock.

Saturday, 23*d April*.—Anniversary of our marriage. It has been a year of vicissitudes and of many trying scenes, but withal a year of mercy. The Lord has been so good to me that I might fill pages with the recapitulation. He has granted me the desire of my heart in leading me to the heathen. May I be enabled to devote the remnant of my life to His glory. Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Hall were removed by death just after entering upon the work of missions. The bereaved husbands are both here. I know not how soon I may be called away, but I do long to be without carefulness and to feel willing to live from day to day on God's promises. All met here to-day at dinner. After dinner, when the sun was low, I went to the temples with Mr. Winslow. The brahmins and other natives were busily engaged in preparing for a great festival which is to take place in a few days. The pagodas are much like those I have seen at Chillumbrum and Seringham, and which I have attempted to describe to you, feeling, at the same time, that no description I

can give, will make you acquainted with the wonders of these places. There is such a vastness about them, so much sculpture, so many images, lights, columns, domes, &c., &c., that no pen is sufficiently graphic to bring the idea before you. When these immense monuments shall crumble into dust, is of course, uncertain, but in all probability nothing like them will ever be reared again. Such a race of people as are now living here could not do it. It is only by much exertion that they are able to keep them in any tolerable repair. When I was there they were employed in making various images of the gods, and of men, of beasts, also, out of paste-board painted of the gayest colors with much gilding. Canopies of gilded wood and tinsel paper, together with every foolish thing their fertile imaginations could call up, were being made to dazzle and fascinate the poor pagan at the coming feast.

They showed a brazen horse of colossal size, assuring us that their gods rode on it at certain times. As we roamed through the immense halls, a group of figures in statuary was pointed out as one of the ancient queens of this temple about to be joined in marriage to one

selected as her husband, her brother joining their hands. I staid until the numerous lamps were lighted about the different shrines, and then bent our steps homewards to enjoy the Christian Saturday night. We had a prayer meeting preparatory to the communion which was to be celebrated the next day.

Sabbath, 24*th*.—A quiet and pleasant morning. The few here who love the Lord Jesus, met in the large hall of Mr. Poor's house to celebrate the *supper*. There were about twenty persons. A small number, but enough to claim the promised presence of the Saviour, and I trust He was in our midst. We had about six native converts sitting on the floor and partaking with us. Thankfulness for mercies appeared to fill our hearts. Blessed be God, there still remains to us the keeping of Sabbaths, even in a heathen land. It is a very precious rest to the overtasked spirits, to give up all thoughts and feelings but those connected with this hallowed day. I try to do so, and to-day have in some sort succeeded. Absent friends were remembered and commended to God. We felt much freedom in bringing them before our Saviour. The encourage-

ments to ask spiritual blessings for those dear to us, are very great. At the parting of our Redeemer with his disciples he said, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name," &c. Presuming on his gracious permission, we come to the mercy-seat and ask largely in his name. "He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." At evening we had service in the hall. It was quite filled. Mr. Winslow spoke for an hour, and finished by an account of the revival on ship-board.

Monday, 25th.—Was stirring early this morning, and accompanied Mr. Winslow and Mr. Todd to see the ruins of the Royal Palace. This palace (the residence of the ancient Tamul Kings,) is a most magnificent ruin. The massive walls enclosing it are yet in good preservation. Within these walls a large population reside; most of them employed in weaving. The palace itself covers a great extent of ground. Much of it is still entire, and exhibits the remains of great beauty and splendor. As I walked through the halls and stood beneath the immense dome in the centre, I was forcibly reminded of Irving's description of the palace of the Alhambra. The style of archi-

tecture is something of the Saracenic order united with the Hindoo. Many of the pillars are tall, slender shafts, finely connected and capped, while others are so large in circumference, that three men clasping their hands were unable to compass them. A few were of fine granite, highly polished, resembling black marble. The greater number were composed of stones chunam'd on the outside. Many groups of Hindoo mythological subjects were scattered about the ruin. Even in its present state of decay there is one immense hall that cannot be entered without forcing the mind back upon times when kings occupied it, with all the accompaniments and splendor of a court. It is supposed to have been the hall of audience of the Madura sovereigns. The roof is arched and highly ornamented, falling on either side upon richly wrought columns, connected by arches forming a magnificent gallery, which is supported on similar arches terminating in massy columns below. I have procured some drawings, but they only show parts of the choultry and palace, and give but little idea of a whole. After a walk on the top, from whence we had a good view of the country about, we

returned to the Mission house to breakfast, ready to say, almost, that the "eye was satisfied with seeing, and the ear with hearing." Dined at Mr. Lawrence's bungalow. Both mission houses are built of brick in the bungalow form, with verandahs front and rear. Every thing is new; they have but lately occupied this place, as you know. There are no trees near the houses; each has a vegetable garden with some few flowers, marigolds, bachelor's buttons, &c., &c. The compound looks dreary at present, but there are beautiful groves of trees at a little distance. After our dinner we prepared again to resume our journey. Mrs. Poor had kindly prepared an additional store of comforts in my palanquin, and after an affecting parting with the Dwights, (who are to remain here,) also of our other friends, we were once more on our way. A beautifully shaded road made traveling at an earlier hour than usual very pleasant. Groups of poor natives dressed in the most fantastic manner for the approaching festival were continually passing me. We were mutual objects of curiosity to each other.

About half a mile from the Mission premises,

I was overtaken by a poor low-caste girl, to whom I had shown some trifling kindness, with her hands full of ripe plantains, which she threw into my palanquin, seemingly delighted that she had been able to reach me. All I could do was to wave my hand and smile as I was rapidly borne past her. I am pleased with any such proof of good feeling among the natives. My ride for the first ten or twelve miles was through an enchanting portion of country; the road was completely shaded by very large tulip-trees in flower; while on all sides were groves of trees beautiful as the fabled stories of my childhood have represented. We passed the collector's house and premises. A tank covering acres of ground is immediately in front of the house, in the middle of which is a small pagoda of exquisite beauty, the slender white-pillared shafts supporting the roof were quite different from any thing I had seen. The surface of the water was tranquil, and the delicate building seemed suspended in air; or like a piece of fancy glass-work in a globe of water. The walls of the tank were adorned with heathenish figures in full relief, lions, men, &c. The dwelling itself seemed very

extensive, the largest I have seen in this part of the country. I was surprised to see so many idolatrous figures about the grounds of an Englishman, even on the steps leading up to the house; but have been told the figures were here when he came, and the prejudices of the natives are much respected by Englishmen in office; they profess to feel bound by agreements made on the part of their government not to interfere with their religion. How ought we to pray for the coming of that day when these idols shall be given to the moles and the bats, and the hearts of these poor idolaters be turned to God.

As night drew on, the scene changed, and soon became quite dreary. We seemed to be traveling in the dry bed of a river; now and then a little water and a few trees were seen and again all was a sandy waste. At two o'clock we reached a very small rest-house, where we halted for the remainder of the night. Brother Hall joined us at day-break. He is now on his way to Ramnad, where he is laboring at present. He has been at Madura for a change of air, as he feels ill most of the time since the death of his wife.

The rest-house was entirely unfurnished, not even a chair to sit upon. We managed to get along by using the writing-desks, boxes, &c. The day wore away rather heavily; we started at an earlier hour than usual. Reached Ramnad in time for breakfast Wednesday morning, found Mr. and Mrs. Eckard very pleasantly situated in a large house within the fort; spent a pleasant day with them, and at three o'clock the following morning, started for the coast, a distance of ten miles from Ramnad, where a native boat had previously been engaged to take us to Ceylon.

Thursday, 28th. Devipatam.—Spent all this day, thus far, at the custom-house, a most miserable place; in hourly expectation of the departure of the boat. We are sheltered from the sun, but have no convenience for getting food, or spending the day profitably. Feeling weary of the din of native voices in high dispute with the custom-house officers, I cheerfully accepted my husband's invitation to walk. We have been, just at evening, to the Roman Catholic burying-ground where the body of sister Todd is laid. A tolerably pleasant walk along the shore brought us to the spot. We

had hoped to reach it unobserved by the natives, but found it impossible. As usual, a crowd had collected and followed us ; standing by as long as we staid, and following again on our return. The finest feelings of the heart are almost always thus broken in upon. My attention, at the grave, was quite turned from the object I had in going thither, to the poor creatures about me. Instead of weeping for the departed, I felt like weeping for the wretchedness and blindness of the living. A few graves were marked by wooden crosses, but the one we looked on with so much interest, was undistinguished save by the freshness of the earth about it. No fence or enclosure of any kind marks the spot as consecrated ground. Natives or cattle may roam over the graves without obstruction. How different from the graves of our fathers ! Mrs. Todd died at this place as she was on her way from Madura, to Jaffna, whither she was going for her health. The afflicted husband had to bear his griefs alone. No missionary friend was near to pour the balm of sympathy into his wounded bosom. I said he had to bear his griefs alone. No, the Saviour was with him.

Strength was given him to bury his precious dead out of his sight. He himself bore the intelligence to her Jaffna friends, where she was much beloved and is justly lamented. She was some months in H's family at Pandeteripo, on her first arrival, and formed a strong attachment to my dear sister. Hers was the only name she mentioned in her dying moments. "Is sister Scudder coming?" "Is she coming?" she repeated again and again. She breathed her last in the wretched hovel where we have spent the day.

On our return from the grave, I took a place in a small boat to proceed to the dhony where the palanquins had been carried, hoping that the captain would consent to go, but again he came to us saying that we must remain on the shore all night. Mr. Winslow insisted on knowing the reason. He said there were some packages on board the dhony, the owners of which refused to pay the proper expenses, and that had been the cause of our detention, and of all the disputing and noise we had heard. Mr. W. immediately left me, went up to the custom-house, insisted that the goods should be removed unless the expenses were promptly

paid, and the vessel allowed to proceed, as he had engaged it for himself not expecting any goods to be taken but such as belonged to us. This settled the business at once; rather than take out the goods, they came to terms, and we proceeded to the vessel. I found a place on some ropes in the bows of the boat. We had a fine moon, by the light of which we managed to eat a little supper prepared for us on shore, and brought off in a canoe. We sat here an hour or more, sang a hymn, and then crawled along towards the stern where our palanquins were, in which we were to pass the night. The only open space in the boat was occupied by Mr. Winslow's horse. With some difficulty I got past the horse, and then was obliged to cross a large opening like a well in the bottom of the dhony filled with water, and which the boatmen every hour or two are obliged to lade out. I felt happy to get in my palanquin, but soon began to suffer for want of air. The cadjan covering was so low that we had barely room to crowd the two palanquins under, and were hemmed in on all sides. At my urgent request the boatmen raised it a little on one side so that I was

more comfortable, and listened with pleasure to their preparations for sailing.

Friday, 29*th April.*—I find this more trying than any thing I have encountered in all my long journeyings. The fire-place is very near me; when they are preparing food I have all the smoke as well as the heat of it; this, with the confinement, having no place to stand upright, is almost intolerable; but we hope to arrive tomorrow if we can only prevail on the moorman who commands, to sail all night. Have passed several islands in the straits to-day.

Saturday, 30*th.*—Near Ramisseram, and in sight of the great Pagoda. It is by no means so imposing in appearance as those I have seen on the Peninsula. Have still some faint hope of reaching Ceylon to-day.

Sabbath, *May* 1*st.*—An uncomfortable day, no such Sabbath have we passed since we left home. We have all along been so favored as to meet with Christian friends, and to worship God in company until now. This morning Mr. Winslow had reading and prayers in Tamul with the native helpers on board. The moormen call many times a day, Allah, Allah, but

ah, how ignorantly. At eleven o'clock, morning, they cast anchor at Haits. Towards evening my husband became quite ill; he was unable to sit up, and I was so situated I could do nothing for him. I am very anxious; it is nearly night. We can stay no longer in this uncomfortable place, and shall leave in a little open boat as soon as the Sabbath is over, for the nearest landing-place, where we hope to find a conveyance to take us to Manepy, at which place the regular monthly meeting is held, and where we hope to meet all the Jaffna circle. There is much uncertainty about it, however, as to our getting there.

CHAPTER XIII.

Tuesday, *May 3d.*—I am now, my dear mother, (after all my wanderings), with H. Your children, so long separated, have at last been permitted to meet. And as I promised, I will tell you some of the circumstances of our meeting. We left the dhony the morning of Monday, (May 2d), at three o'clock,—got into an open boat, to be rowed a distance of eight or ten miles. My dear husband was still unable to sit up, but managed to get a little sleep by lying down in the bottom of the boat. His uncommon fatigues for the last few days had been too much for him. I spread my shawl over him which was all I could do; having no comforts, the crowded state of the dhony prevented our getting at any medicines. We were glad indeed to be swiftly rowed away from the place where we had suffered so much. The moon, high as the summer sun was standing across the heavens in all the glorious light of beauty; I sat with my eyes

fixed upon it, and felt as if I were looking upon the face of a friend. How often has the sight of it stilled the stormy spirit with sweetest melodies! I thought of *home*, of my anticipated meeting with dear H., and I do hope I felt grateful to my heavenly Father for the way in which he has led me. Every dash of the oar was bringing me nearer to the sister of my love, the companion of my childhood, the correspondent of my riper years,—and to the spot where I was in all probability to spend the remainder of my days. I felt my need of strength from God, and I silently implored it. Many solemn *thoughts* filled my mind in course of the two hours I spent in that open boat,—*thoughts* for which I hope to be the better. After much hard rowing we were brought near the landing-place, just at the dawning of the day. The boatmen carried me in their arms some distance through the shallow water to the shore; where we found a conveyance, and were soon on our way to Manepy. A ride of three miles brought us to the station. We were cordially welcomed, by Mr. and Mrs. Minor. My first inquiry was if H. was to be at the meeting. Mrs.

Minor thought not, as the distance from Chavachery is so great, she seldom comes in these days; and as they were not expecting us so early in the week, she thought I could scarcely hope to see her. The Doctor they felt quite sure would come. As I was changing my clothes in Mrs. Minor's bed-room, one company after another of the friends arrived; and as soon as I was ready, I received their affectionate welcomes. Sisters Perry, and Hutchings brought each a sweet little baby. I was talking in the bed-room with Sister Perry, when she said, "Do you not hear a voice you ought to know?" In a moment I recognized it to be the Doctor's. As I met him he exclaimed, "Is this my dear sister? I do not know you, you are so changed." We fell on each other's neck and wept for joy. It was so pleasant to see this dear, dear brother, that I felt repaid for all my late anxieties and fatigues. We could say nothing connected for some time. The Doctor *was distressed* that H. had not come, and wished to send immediately for her; but as the sun was by this time high, I would not consent to send for her, but proposed to go to Chavachery, as soon as the

meeting should be over. I preferred too to meet dear H. in her own house, and without spectators, as I felt so much excited I feared I might not be able to restrain my feelings. The Doctor was in a fidgetty, restless state, (a little as he was when trying to get H. up the Neilgheries), going from one to another, arranging matters for my getting on at evening. After all was settled, we had breakfast, —then followed the prayer meeting. This brought us to the hour of noon, when we had some nice fruit put upon the table. The exercises in the afternoon were an address from the Doctor,—remarks by the brethren. After dinner we left for Chavachery; I was in a bandy drawn by natives. We stopped at Nellore on our way, and took coffee. After tea proceeded onwards,—after crossing Salt River, the Doctor left us to hurry on and inform dear H. of our approach. A cooly had been sent on previously with notes and messages, to apprise her that we were in Jaffna. It was bright moonlight, and she, *poor thing*, had had a bench brought down to the gate of the compound, and had been sitting there watching for more than an hour. She met me

with all a sister's love. Such a meeting!—It was like looking upon one raised from the dead. I think I should never have known her; if we had met in any place where I was not expecting to see her. I leave you to imagine our exclamations; our mutual surprise at the changes time had wrought in each. She is much larger than she was,—seems in perfect health, and looks very young for her age. Her manners are much changed; more assimilated to the English, with whom she has associated a good deal. Her cheerfulness remains. She seems entirely happy now I have come.

We entered her pleasant new house together, where the table was spread with nicety and care, in anticipation of our arrival. A large boquet of flowers adorned the centre. Two lamps with large glass shades gave a cheerful look to the dining hall. We passed through into her comfortable bed-room; sat a few moments to gaze at each other, and get over our tears; and then sat down to table. I could scarcely realize that I was once more in a sister's house, and could feel quite at home. The dear children had tried to keep their eyes

open until we arrived, but were unable,—they had fallen asleep on the floor, without being undressed, excepting Joseph, he was awake, and very happy to see us. The Doctor issued his orders for us to go to bed before 12 o'clock, so after unitedly thanking our heavenly Father for bringing us together, we retired to our room, where we found every comfort provided for us by our kind sister. This morning I have had much pleasure in seeing all the dear children, and again seeing dear sister. We had morning prayers in her bed-room. The children are all arranged in a semicircle, according to age. They commenced by singing with their father, one verse of some hymn of praise; then each child recites the verse for the day, and answers questions from it. A portion of Scripture is then read, each one taking a verse in turn. Amy* is seated with the family, and takes her turn. A hymn is then sung, and prayer offered; after which comes breakfast. As soon as they take their seats the children again sing, "Glory, honor, praise and power," all join in this, even little

* Colored woman who went from America with them.

Downer. After breakfast we went with the Doctor to the Bazar in front of the house, where he has a small bungalow for the purpose of distributing tracts, and speaking to the people. At this Bazar thousands of buyers and sellers collect together in the open air, for the purposes of traffic in cocoa-nuts, vegetables of all kinds in use here, chunam, betel, fish, fruits, &c., &c. We pressed through a dense crowd of natives to get a chance of seeing their manner of doing business. The market woman has a number of baskets about her, in which her customers deposit various articles, such as seeds in one, shells in another, a little rice perhaps in a third,—sometimes a little money, and receive what they wish in exchange. There is much scolding in this kind of traffic ; both buyer and seller always appearing dissatisfied. After distributing tracts we went into the bungalow, where the natives soon came around us. The Gospel was preached to them, and they were immediately engaged in asking questions. As I listened to the different speakers, and saw their eagerness to possess themselves of a tract, I felt more and more interested in their condition. Here

is an immense field for missionary labor; the population is great,—in the Bazar alone there is ample room for one missionary to expend his strength,—but in addition to this the Doctor has many schools under his superintendence in different parts of the district. The children in these schools are taught *to read* by native assistants, and are instructed in the first principles of Christianity by the Doctor. All attend church on the Sabbath. At evening, visited one of the schools near the house,—was much gratified, soon after entering, to hear one of the smallest children repeat an appropriate prayer to the true God. It is always the custom in heathen schools to repeat a prayer to Puliah before commencing study; in those under the supervision of the missionaries it is not allowed, and the prayer I have just listened to, takes the place of it. Enjoyed our walk very much in returning, most part of the way we were in a narrow lane, shaded by a flowery hedge, which is kept together by a lacing of the large fan-like leaves of the Palmyra, one leaf after another being tied so as to form a fine enclosure. Some fine trees caught my attention,—the margosa, the most

beautiful of Indian shade trees is now in full perfection, being filled with flowers of most delicate beauty and fragrance. There are many of them about here.

Saturday.—Have had company all the week, missionaries from Vavany, Point Pedro, and Oodooville, have been here. I have had no time to write. We are just now going to Oodooville to spend the Sabbath,—Mr. Winslow's old station; of course, I have quite a desire to see it. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, and Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings occupy it at present.

Oodooville, Monday.—Arrived here at nine on Saturday evening; rose on Sabbath morning refreshed and strengthened after the fatigue of coming here. After our breakfast, Mrs. Spaulding took me to the school-room, where I saw all the girls connected with the boarding establishment. You, my dear mother, will like to hear *particulars.* We passed through the large garden, and entered the enclosure, where, under the shade of large cocoa-nut trees, are the sleeping apartments, school-room, cook-house, and bathing room for the girls. The mats on which they sleep were

rolled up and laid aside,—the floors were clean, and the girls were neatly clothed in a short white jacket with sleeves; a cloth round the body, extending nearly to the feet, which are always bare. Most of the larger girls had some little gold ornament about them, either on the neck, or in the ears. Their long black shining hair was neatly combed back, twisted around, and confined with a silver pin. Many are handsome, quite handsome,—in most cases have high features and very fine teeth. Their dark complexions do not look ill, as you would suppose,—and as is the case where it is united with the flat nose, large lips, and woolly hair of the negro. I had great pleasure in seeing so many in this institution brought under Christian influence. They doubtless owe much of their intelligent expression of countenance to the culture of the mind. The contrast is very great between these and others who have not their advantages, but are still sitting in darkness, gross darkness. I almost envied dear sister Spaulding her pleasant charge; for pleasant it certainly is, notwithstanding the many cares connected with it. None need expect to live on missionary ground without

cares—and those connected with a girls' boarding school, appear to me most pleasant of all. If I could command the means to do it, I should like to raise just such another school. At half past ten we went into the church, which was quite entirely filled, with the school —the village schools,—the mission families, and some natives, men and women; a most interesting congregation. At evening all the girls came in the hall to prayers. Singing forms a part of their evening devotions,—they are learning to sing quite well.

This afternoon, I saw all these girls, seventy-six in number, seated in the verandah, employed with the needle, they sew very neatly. Mrs. Spaulding cuts out the work, and then teaches them to put it together. They make almost any kind of garment.

I have also seen them take their food; and could not restrain my tears as I listened to their sweet song of thanksgiving, sung while the food was being placed (by four of the largest girls), on bright brass plates, and set before each. At a given signal of the bell, the song ceased, all was ready; a blessing was implored by one of their own number, and

they commenced their cheerful meal of rice and curry, taken up with the fingers, as is their custom. Twenty-three of these girls are church-members, a number of the others are candidates for admission. Is it not a pleasant thought, dear friends, that so many go out from this school and become Christian mothers? Must not their influence be felt? *It is felt*,—it is seen in the well-regulated families of those who have been married from this school. They train up their children so well, in most cases, as to give joy to the hearts of those who have been engaged in this labor of love. This evening we had a number of friends from other stations at tea.

Tuesday.—Spent the day at *Batticotta*, was not particularly pleased with this station; buildings rather out of repair; saw Ottly Hall also at a disadvantage,—walls being partly down, in order to enlarge the building. Mr. Winslow found it much changed. Seminarists very glad to see us.

Wednesday.—Came to Pandeteripo, that place so long the home of our dear H. It is beautifully situated; house, and church, old, but still in very tolerable repair; rooms spa-

cious and convenient; Brother and Sister Perry are living here very comfortably. Henry and William will be glad to hear that the areca-nut trees are growing finely. The *lime trees* in front of their mother's little prayer house, are richly laden with fruit. The large cocoa-nut trees are towering in all their pride above the other trees of the garden; the oleanders are rich in double clusters of flowers. But with all these pleasant things, I am very glad their parents have removed to Chavachery; as I think they may be more useful. Left Pandeteripo at five in the afternoon, for Oodooville, which place we reached just at dark, after a most delightful ride.

May 12*th*, *Thursday*.—Left Oodooville at evening to go to Jaffna in company with sister Hutchings: attended the temperance meeting at which Mr. Winslow spoke.

Friday morning.—Came to Chavachery to breakfast, a long and very hot ride; found dear H. well, and glad to see me.

Saturday.—Had a fine ride in the bandy with my sister, all along the shores of salt river. The air off the water was very refreshing. Husband rode on horseback. Met the

Doctor returning from visiting his schools. He had been absent all day, looked very tired and warm. His work is very pleasant to him however, and he does not appear to mind any fatigue in the performance of duty.

Monday.—Had a pleasant Sabbath yesterday. Mr. Winslow preached in Tamul. We had a three days' meeting here this week for schoolmasters and scholars. All have been praying for a blessing on the special means of grace about to be employed. Visited a school this afternoon,—were comfortably seated on a mat, while Mr. Winslow talked with the children, and people; a number of men and women were in and about the place, listening attentively to what was said. To see their animated eyes fastened upon the speaker, one feels almost persuaded that they are just about to declare their belief in the story of Christ's life and suffering death; also of his power to save, but alas! they are joined to their idols; and it is long, long ere they can give up their hold. On our return from the school we had the pleasure of welcoming our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings from Oodooville, also Mr. Meigs from Tillapally. They

have come to assist at the protracted meetings.

Tuesday, May 17*th.*—Exercises commenced this morning by prayer meeting. At nine we went into the church where about four hundred children were assembled. Immediately after sermon, such as were desirous of knowing more about the Christian religion were invited into the house, where one of the brethren conversed with them, after which all received a few plantains, as many of them as had come a great distance for the purpose of attending the meeting, and had been without food all day. They came in by schools, and were supplied. The doctor appeared to enjoy dispensing the fruit, quite as much as they enjoyed receiving it. I talked a little with them, the doctor interpreting for me. At evening we had an English service in the hall; sermon by Mr. Winslow. The magistrate attended with all his family; also the Dutch and Portuguese families in the neighborhood.

Wednesday.—Similar services to those of yesterday.

Thursday.—After a solemn address to the children, they were requested to separate.

Such as were desirous of becoming Christians were directed to pass to the side of the church. A large proportion of them immediately rose, while the remaining few appeared very decided that they would not forsake their religion. I mention these things that you may judge a little how the Christian religion is gaining ground in the schools. I mean, as a mere nominal thing the children are not opposed to it as they once were, but a large number of them, although they have perhaps given no evidence of the heart being touched, seem quite willing to renounce heathenism. Meetings closed this evening, and friends left us for their homes.

July 1*st*.—I have not written a line in my journal to dear friends for two or three weeks. My mind has been in a state of constant agitation lately, owing to the great uncertainty that has prevailed as to our future prospects and settlement. The business is at last brought to a close. Several business meetings have been held at the different stations. At the first, it was proposed that Mr. Winslow be at the Seminary. All the older brethren were very desirous of it, but they were the minority. The

majority were anxious to have Mr. W. sent to establish the new mission at Madras. At a second meeting it was decided that he *should go*. I felt quite satisfied, as my feelings had all along inclined to that place. I had seen more of the heathen there, and my first impressions were all in favor of laboring there. In Jaffna there are a good number of missionaries, and at Madras but few; indeed all along the coast there is great need of missionaries to supply portions of thickly populated country, now entirely destitute. The stations here are all occupied at present. The mission house at Batticotta is large, and another family might be accommodated there, and probably will be hereafter, as no one thinks Mr. Hoisington will be able to attend to all the duties of that station.

You may suppose I felt much at the thought of leaving dear H. and her family. Mr. Winslow felt anxious to have the doctor appointed to go with us, but we could hardly hope for it. One of the younger men had been spoken of, but Mr. W. felt that the responsibility was greater than in any previous case, and he was not willing to have an inex-

perienced person. Another meeting was held on the eighth of June, when, after much deliberation, it was agreed that Dr. Scudder be spared from Jaffna to go to Madras, either at the same time with us, or soon after as convenient.

Although I was made happy by the decision, I could not but feel some misgivings and some fears about the removal of this large family to Madras, lest they should miss many of the comforts of this pleasant station, (the pleasantest perhaps in the district). The house is new, large, and convenient; a fine country and pleasant rides about; many flourishing native schools under their care, &c., &c.; but all say that Dr. Scudder's place may be filled by a missionary of less experience, and that his habits were suited to a certain part of the labor to be done at Madras. As soon as they felt it to be duty, they were at once willing to go, and are very cheerful in the prospect. The doctor had long been wishing to make a missionary tour on the continent. He made a request to go previously to going to Madras, and as Mr. Winslow was here to take care of this station, his request was granted. He left

us on the 13th of June, with some native helpers and about thirty thousand tracts and some hundreds of the gospel for distribution; meanwhile we are to remain here, Mr. Winslow to take care of the station. I am reading Tamul and I trust preparing a little for the great and important work before me. We have often intercourse with the other missionaries, and love them already very much. Our baggage has not yet arrived from Madras. The south winds have blown so strong and so constantly that the vessel could not make the island. It is more than two months since they were shipped. I have only a very few things with me, but being with a sister I get along pretty well. I wish for them to arrive on sister's account, as she is very anxious to see her American treasures. You never can think how much pleasure we have in talking of all our dear friends at home. Every day I think of something new to tell her, and have something new to hear from her. The children love to get about us and listen. Henry's picture is a great treasure I do assure you.

Madras, August 24th.—Since I last wrote, dear mother and friends, in this careless, un-

studied journal, I have had the pleasure of receiving all our goods, and of presenting dear H. with all the tokens of love sent her by American friends. All came in good order, and were most highly prized by her. She sends many thanks for the very acceptable and valuable gifts from our family, aunt S. and family, dear cousin H., and for the precious mementos of affection in the trunk from Mr. B's family. I wish you could have seen the dear children when that trunk was opened; but H. will write to all as soon as she can, so I say no more at present about it.

We had also the very great pleasure of receiving a precious package of letters from home—one from dear brother J., one from dear H. C., one from Mrs. A., and a long journal letter from dear brother S. If I was ever thankful for any of God's mercies, I was when those letters were put into my hands. Every line was precious; it was so pleasant even to see the hand-writing of those so dear to me.

Dear S., you have indeed been mindful of your promise to me at parting; do not cease

your kindness; continue to send us just such circumstantial letters; they did us all good; and the little letters from S. and H., how sweet! Many a tear has been shed over them by those who have never seen the little creatures, and most likely never will. They were so natural and so touching. I have written to H. C. and shall write to S. and H. But with all my joy I was not quite satisfied. Where is my dear mother's letter! I exclaimed; and where are my sisters'! and where those I had reason to expect from other dear friends? I suppose that all did not know of the opportunity; I will suppose any thing rather than that I am not remembered by my friends. I have written a long letter to dear brother J., sent it some days since. You will see by my last date that we are now at Madras, expecting in a day or two to begin house-keeping. I have much, much to do to get a little in readiness before H. arrives with her large family. I have left house and goods to take care of themselves for a little while, that I may get off this journal by the Star, which sails tomorrow. I believe I have been circumstantial

enough to satisfy you all. I am so driven that I have no time even to read it over, but must send it as it is. I should like to tell you much about this place, our prospects, &c., &c., but must leave it for another letter. The first pages of this are copied for me by a native youth, as you have probably observed, but he was so very slow that I was obliged to take it from him and do it myself, in order to have it done in time. I am hoping soon to hear from you my dear mother, you must write us, and send off to Boston whether you hear of an opportunity or not.

Here is a population of 400,000 and but little doing among them. So that we shall find much to do, and shall need much of the spirit of our master to walk as we ought in the midst of them. I long to be established at my work; I have been long a wanderer, so long as to make me willing to be quiet for some time to come. I wish not to live at ease, but am happiest when employed for my fellow creatures. The Lord has led me thus far, and I can trust him for all that is to come. And now, beloved friends, in closing I would

say, pray for us; and may the Saviour evermore dwell with each of us, and cause us all to live for his glory.

Your most affectionate child and sister,

CATHARINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

To carry into execution a plan which the Board of Missions had projected, Mr. Winslow and his wife were detached from their insular situation and located among the Tamul people on the continent. The city of Madras affording peculiar facilities for carrying forward the missionary work, and containing a population of nearly 400,000, it was thought best to make it the center of operations. Dr. Scudder and Mrs. S. were soon to join them in this new and extended enterprise. Mrs. W. entered her new field of labor with that zeal and enthusiasm so characteristic of her. But how soon, alas! were those labors to close in death! A few months only was she permitted to serve her Lord, after her settlement at Madras, ere she was called to a higher sphere, and to a more glorious city; one that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

The journal and letters which are here in-

troduced, will serve to give some idea of her labors and associations, in her new abode.

MADRAS, Sept. 5th, 1836.

My dearly beloved mother, brothers and sisters :—I sent off a number of pages to you a few days since, informing you of our arrival at this place, and of our expectations that the Dr. and family would soon be here. We had a letter from Ceylon to-day informing us that in consequence of ill-health brother Hall is advised to return to America. He proposes to go in the ship Star, which will sail in about five weeks. Two of Mr. Meigs' children are expecting to go with him. It will be a fine opportunity for us to send many letters, and we hope to make up a small box, if all things go well. We expect the friends for Madras, and those for America, to come here about the last of this month. I am hoping to get a little in readiness to receive them by that time. We have made a commencement in housekeeping ; have as yet but few comforts about us—not much more than we brought here with us—but unfurnished as the house is, I already feel that it is my home, and enjoy it much.

The house is convenient and pleasant, has a fine verandah front and rear, also a terraced roof, where we may listen to the roaring of the surf at evening, and inhale the sea-breezes which usually follow the very warm days we now have. The excessive heat of the last few days has almost prostrated me. I have not been well as usual, very far from it, but hope as the rainy season comes on to be better. Mr. Winslow continues about as well as when he was in America. He is now constantly engaged in making arrangements for the establishment of the new mission, in preaching, attending public meetings of the different societies, &c., so that I am much alone, not being able to go with him as often as I could wish. After being absent all day, he was obliged to go again this evening to attend a missionary meeting. I sat awhile on the verandah thinking of my dear mother and all my dear ones *at home*, and wondering how they were, and what they were doing, and whether they were continuing to think of, and write to me; then I left my seat, came into my room and began this *journal* letter, in which I hope to write a little every day until the "Star" is ready to

sail. I have many cares connected with house-keeping, but still I can find time to write to my beloved friends, and would take time even from sleep rather than leave this duty unperformed. In consequence of the proneness of the natives to the sin of stealing, I am obliged to be constantly on the watch. Of course this adds much to the burden of house-keepers in this country, and indeed, I find it very difficult to be so constantly on my guard, and often forget what I ought to remember, that they are in no case *to be trusted.* I could tell you many little particulars of these things, but have things of more moment to say now, and will leave the subject until another time.

7*th* —Have been much engaged washing china, glass, &c., and putting all nicely away in a side-board sent home to-day. Mr. Winslow had an opportunity to get a number of articles at an auction sale, such as chairs, lamps, &c.; so that I am made quite comfortable. Hope to get quite in order before H. gets here. You recollect the little bronze bell you gave me? We kept it on the table and used it very often. Mr. Winslow had used it yesterday morning to call the servants and

native helpers in to prayers, and about ten minutes after it was missing,—nothing else taken. I felt very sorry, had rather almost any thing else had been lost. We instituted an inquiry, but of course no one would acknowledge having taken it. I always thought of you, dear S., when I had it in my hand, and of the dear children, also. You will be sorry to hear that much of my cut glass was broken. On opening the box, we found the straw sunk away from the top of the box, and the things shaking about. The large dish was broken to pieces, one of the large decanters, one of the butter dishes, and nearly all the small things. It was a disappointment, but if it only causes me to "set my affections on things above" *more*, and *less* on things on the earth, I shall not regret it. The china came in good order, also the dinner-set with the exception of some plates and sauce-boats broken. The looking-glasses came in very nice order, also my bureau, and work-stand. The two latter are quite a treasure here, as mahogany furniture is extravagantly dear. My rocking-chair is much admired for the beauty of the wood; several have asked why I did not bring

out some little strips of the wood (bird's eye maple,) they think it so pretty. Our sideboard and chairs are made of a very dark wood, called here rose-wood. It grows in this vicinity, and though not as pretty as mahogany, still it looks very well, and is not expensive. I have kind friends in the neighborhood (Mr. and Mrs. Smith) who send in flowers every morning; you know my fondness for any thing of this kind, and can judge how gratified I am to receive them. It takes but a few moments to arrange them in glasses, and it makes the house look very cheerful. I had them in great profusion and beauty this morning, and could not help wishing that you could all see how happy I was in arranging them.

9th.—Went last evening to the *Fort*, in order to attend a meeting of a few pious soldiers. Mr. Winslow preached at the quarters of one of the officers. I was the only female present excepting the wife of the officer, at whose house we were. The meeting was held in the verandah of the house. I enjoyed it much, and was forcibly reminded of some of Mrs. Sherwood's stories of pious soldiers, and their little meetings at barracks.

There are a good many pious officers among the English stationed here, also quite a number of privates who appear to be true followers of the Lord Jesus.

10*th*.—I have been thinking much of the dreadful fire at New York, and of the trouble it must have caused to you all in the loss of property as well as the great confusion and alarm of the time. I was so much rejoiced to receive your letters and hear that you were all well, that I could not, at first, even feel troubled at your account of the dreadful visitation of God's providence; but since that time my mind is often upon it. I rejoice that you were supported under it, and that you could see the hand of your heavenly Father in the event. I rejoice also that the losses of both families was much less than I feared; and I do hope that your hearts may be more weaned from this world, and that all your best affections may henceforth be set on things above. There is such a sad propensity in fallen natur to grasp at earthly toys, and to make idols c silver and gold, that even the Christian is ir danger, without great watchfulness, of fallin into these sins, and where there is no silver c

gold to worship, how fondly do we cling to other creature comforts instead of finding our chief happiness in God. I take shame to myself for this very sin, and it is from a deep consciousness of my own proneness to it that I thus write to you. Now that I am far separated from you all (to whom I have been so fondly attached) and have only my husband with me, whose constant care and kindness makes up for all I have left, I am in greater danger than ever of depending on an arm of flesh, and have need (alas, too often,) to call to mind the injunction, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." I long to find my greatest happiness in God; and often question myself thus, "Could I bear to have my beloved husband taken to heaven before me, without my giving utterance to one murmuring word? or feeling one rebellious thought? In this land of strangers one needs great supports; but the consolations of our holy religion are neither few nor small. We have a God who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not; and here is my hope, that strength will be given me equal to my day. I have an abundance of mercies and many comforts as to my home,

and I find house-keeping very pleasant as yet, but perhaps my trials are yet to come. I have some things to be anxious for, but trust in God that all will be well. I try to cast all my care upon him, and sometimes, though not always, succeed.

September 13*th.*—I begin to feel quite pleased with house-keeping, as I get more settled, and do not find it so trying as some have represented. As regards our missionary work we cannot have any certain plans for schools, &c., until after the arrival of the other families, as the two missionaries must consult together as to place, plan of operations, &c. Mr. Winslow in the meantime is constantly engaged in preaching, writing, &c.; has scarcely a moment of leisure even to look about him. He has a place in view for commencing the station in a very populous and central part of the city, and where extensive operations may be undertaken without interfering with any other labors. Should this place be occupied, we shall be obliged to move again in a few months, as it is several miles from the house we now have, which is in rather a retired situation. The ground about

us belongs properly to the London Missionaries, although they are very grateful for Mr. Winslow's assistance, and would gladly have the American Mission commenced somewhere in this quarter. I have received much kindness from them, indeed Mr. Smith's house has been our home until we had one of our own. We are so near still, as to be quite neighborly; only one house and garden separating us. We have also another very pleasant neighbor in Mr. Vansomeran. He has for years transacted all the mercantile affairs of the Jaffna Mission, and manifests a kind interest in all their concerns. He has an agreeable family residing nearly opposite to us, in a beautiful house with extensive gardens laid out in English style. Both Mr. and Mrs. Vansomeran are pious. They have one daughter married to a missionary at Tinnevelly, two sons in England receiving an education, one daughter at home with them who has been educated there, besides three little girls, not yet sent away. Mr. V. took tea with us this evening, brought us the latest English news, just received in seventy-six days by the overland despatch.

No news from America later than that by the "Mary and Susan."

September 17*th*.—It is Saturday night, and I am very tired, having just finished all my week's business. Before I sleep I feel as if I must tell my dear mother and sisters that we are now quite settled at house-keeping. The last of our furniture came in to-day. It is all now arranged in its proper place, and we are quite happy to have done with the labor of getting together the few things necessary for our convenience. Furniture at the shops is very high, and we have been obliged to depend on sales at auction which are occurring very frequently. If you could but look in upon us to-night, I am sure you would say our house was very pleasant and cheerful, and that we had enough for all really necessary purposes. Our sister and family have not yet arrived, but we are expecting them early in the coming week. Our house will not be quite as quiet then as now, but it will be pleasant to see the children enjoy themselves. They have been kept so much within doors all their lives that I suppose they will be lost in amazement, (for a time after arriving,) at the different

appearance such a city as this presents from the quiet scenes of Jaffna. Mr. Winslow is at his writing-desk just closing his preparations for the Sabbath. He enjoys our "happy home" as much as I do. As soon as he gets ready, he comes into my room and prays for all the dear friends in America. This is a stated practice for Saturday evening, although *no day* passes over our heads without again and again commending you all to God, still on this last evening of the week, and on the first evening also, we come before our heavenly Father for that especial purpose; and we find it often very comforting. I find it an excellent remedy for home-sickness to go to my dear Saviour and entreat him to take care of all those I so much wish to see. I hope you are all well and happy to-night. Probably some are out paying dear mother a visit, as this is about the season for it. Wherever you are, I trust the Lord will bless and keep you. Good night.

21*st Sept.*, *Wednesday.*—H. and family arrived to-day, all in good health. Mr. W. met them at the beach with conveyances, and they were soon with me. Amy and her fam-

ily are with them. They seem much pleased to be out of the dhony, on board of which they have been the last four days.

Saturday.—After looking at the place designed for the new mission station, the Dr. and Mr. Winslow decided to occupy it, and hired a small house on the ground to which H. and family have gone to-day. We shall remain in this place where we now are a few months longer until a house can be obtained for us near them. We are now three miles apart, and shall probably find it very inconvenient to be thus separated.

October 2d, Monday.—Yesterday evening as I was sitting alone reading, I was much surprised by the arrival of sister Meigs from Jaffna, with all her children, on their way to America. Brother Hale and Edmund Woodward, were also with them; seven persons in all. Mr. Winslow was absent preaching at the London Mission Chapel. I had beds provided and supper ready for them by the time Mr. W. came in from church, and to-day have sent for H. to come over and assist us in getting sister Meigs prepared for her long voyage. She left Jaffna at a very short notice, and has

all her preparations to make here. They will probably sail from this place about the first of November. With so large a family I can write but little.

Tuesday.—H. has spent the day with me. We have six tailors at work on the verandah, besides other people employed in cutting out garments, &c. I have appropriated one side of the house to my visitors including my husband's study. Of course he and I find ourselves in rather close quarters. H's house is too small to accommodate more than her own family. She feels anxious to have them with her, as she thinks it will be too great fatigue for me. As yet, we get along very well—weather very warm.

A new *Commander-in-Chief* has just arrived at Madras. He holds his levee at the Government house to-day. Dr. Scudder and Mr. Winslow have been to call on him. They have been much pleased with the very favorable reception he gave them. Although surrounded with company, he noticed them particularly, and made inquiries as to where the new mission was to be commenced, &c., &c. It is necessary to secure the counte-

nance of the "powers that be" if possible, that no obstruction may hereafter be in the way of our remaining here.

20th.—The present Governor of Madras, (Sir Frederick Adam), has lately arrived in the city from the Neilgherry Hills. Mr. Winslow and Dr. Scudder spent an hour with him this morning, by previous appointment, and laid their plans of the contemplated establishment before him. I am happy to say that his excellency gave them his hearty concurrence and approval, and has engaged to mention them favorably to his *successor* (Lord Elphinstone), who is soon expected here; so there appears now to be no obstacle in the way of a permanent settlement for us here. The lady of the commander-in-chief sees company next week, and it is thought best that H. and I call upon her,—I am rather unwilling, but shall probably do as the other members of our mission think best. She is a lady in her own right, being sister of the present Duke of Richmond, and daughter of the late Duke. Her husband was many years Governor of Canada. They are both said to be pious,—she decidedly so. If we can secure

her patronage for our schools, or in any way interest her in our mission, it may be well for us.

Saturday 22d.—Called this morning on Lady Sarah Maitland; met with a very pleasant reception from her Ladyship. Mr. Winslow, Dr. Scudder and H. were with me; also Mrs. Smith, (the wife of the London Missionary). Her ladyship has lived in America a number of years, several of her children were born there. She has been in New York, and Boston, and spoke of both as being fine cities. This is her first visit to India. As she is said to be truly pious, we hope her influence will be exerted in favor of Christianity among the English residents. The commander-in-chief came out of his room to converse with the gentlemen, while we were talking with her ladyship. They were surrounded by their children,—some in an adjoining room at their studies, while the elder ones were in the same room with us. The eldest daughter was employed at rug-work, of a very beautiful pattern. She was simply, but very neatly dressed in a printed cambric, with worked cape, no ornaments. Lady Sarah was neat, even to quaker neatness; a white cambric, with a very small blue sprig over it.

Worked cape, blue belt, turquoise broach of great size and beauty; a blond lace cap, with white ribbons, no gloves. She has a peculiarly pleasant smile, and benevolent expression of countenance. Her husband strongly resembles the late Dr. McMurray, of New York, in person. He was in a white jacket with Indian moccasins richly worked in scarlet; while his *aids* were in uniform, with spurs and epaulettes. Mr. Winslow and I arrived a few minutes before the Dr. and H., and were conducted immediately up, and had taken our seats before they came. As I know you like particulars, I will just tell you a little of H's "entree." She wore a white dress,—the blue belt, scarf and bonnet sent by dear S. to her, and looked very well, only rather short, as she held the arm of a very tall gentleman, (one of his Excellency's aids), by whom she was conducted. She scarcely reached his shoulder, and was not raised much in stature by the simple cottage bonnet. The Doctor followed, looking very well in a black frock coat, with white pantaloons. I say nothing of husband and self, as you have so recently seen us, you cannot have forgotten our looks, or

attire. After sitting some time, we left with very favorable impressions of the family.

Thursday, 27*th*.—My hope of receiving more letters from home before the setting in of the Monsoon, has been disappointed. We have now the change of wind, and shall probably see no more ships for two or three months. I shall find it difficult to wait that time, at least I shall not be able to *wait patiently*, I do so long to hear from you. I am now so much occupied with my large family, (having sister Meigs and children here; also, Brother Hall and Edmund), that I find but little time to write. Some days I am too ill to take a pen in my hands, as was the case yesterday. Were it otherwise, I should tell you many little particulars, which you will now lose. Our friends in Madras are very kind, and come often here. We have some very interesting visitors,—others not so much so. We often have company to breakfast unexpectedly; so that it is necessary always to be a little in order. I rise very early in the morning, make my bed and put my room in order, then take an umbrella, and my keys, and go out to the *go down*, (which is about as

far from the house as dear mother's wood house is from the back door). I give out provisions for the day, such as rice and curry stuff, wood, oil for the lamps, &c., &c.; then examine to see that nothing is spoiling,—lock up my "go down," and return to the house; where, perhaps I find the butter man and the bread man. The former must be watched, that he does not deceive in measuring the half cup of butter which I take daily. The cook is by this time waiting to take his directions for going to the Bazar to get the meat, coals, &c. By this time Mr. Winslow has returned from his walk among the natives, and is ready to have a little season of prayer in our room. As soon as this is over, one of us must go out to see the "*gram*," (horse's food), measured by the horse-keeper, and the horse brought up to the back door to eat it,—otherwise the poor horse would not get his allowance. At eight o'clock comes breakfast, when we usually repeat a text of Scripture, previously committed to memory. Immediately on the removal of the breakfast things, we have family prayers; after which the servants go to Mr. Winslow's room and attend Tamul service.

Then comes his *moonshe*, and other native helpers, writers, &c., so that the verandah is quite a place of business until dinner time. We dine at two. In the after part of the day I sew or write, having as yet no schools to visit,—hope soon to be able to say that we have as many as we can attend to. I do not ride often, as we have but one horse, and that one goes from one end of Madras to the other on missionary business as often as is good for him. I should like to walk often but that is difficult, as Mr. Winslow is constantly engaged and cannot accompany me, and in this place it would not do to walk much alone. I have a deal of exercise about the house, but that you know does not answer all purposes. I feel often the need of such long walks as I used to take at home of a morning, but here there is always that burning, burning, cloudless sun to prevent. There is a little time at morning and evening when it is pleasant to be out of doors; particularly at evening when the breeze from the sea comes in ——. I love at this time to ride along the beach, and listen to the roar of the surf as it comes dashing in high jets of brilliant white foam on the sand.

Often do I look over the vast extent of deep blue sea, and think of my beloved friends from whom its waters separate me. I love you all more tenderly if possible, than ever; and though far from you in body, am often with you in spirit. We shall all meet again. Not here, but in a brighter, happier world,—where care and sorrow can never come. Let not one of us come short of reaching that happy home.

October 29th.—The ship "Star," which is to carry our friends to America, has just come into the Roads and anchored,—at least it is supposed to be her. I am not yet prepared for her, having many letters to write,—must try to do what I can, but shall probably have to leave some things undone.

30*th.*—Strong wind and rain. I have seen no such weather before. The Monsoon appears to have commenced in good earnest. Fears have been entertained that there would be a famine in consequence of the rains not setting in at the usual period. The rice crops in some parts of the country were quite despaired of; but from present appearances we shall have rain enough just about this region.

A native house in rear of our garden, has just been blown down by the wind; I was asleep, and was awakened by the crash of the falling roof. The violence of the wind, together with the roaring of the surf, is almost deafening. The rain falls in sheets, and although it is now mid-day, I can scarcely see to write. Heavy black clouds are rolling in from the sea, and discharging themselves over our heads.

31*st.*—I was obliged to stop writing yesterday, as the storm was so very dreadful I could not keep my paper dry in any part of my room, (I believe I have told you that our windows have only venetian shutters, no glass; and it is difficult to prevent moisture from getting in in heavy rains). Mr. Winslow had quite a congregation of natives at 7 o'clock, yesterday morning in our dining room, to whom he preached. At 10 o'clock he went by appointment to preach, and administer the sacrament to the native church at Persewankum. It was storming violently when he left, and he had a distance of four miles to go in a palanquin. Soon after his departure the rain and wind increased, so that he found it almost impossible to keep the palanquin from blowing

over. He succeeded, however, in reaching the chapel, and performing the duties, and got home about three o'clock: after which the storm continued to rage until midnight, with unabated strength. I can give you but little idea of these monsoon gales, which are I believe peculiar to India. The wind has such power as to twist off the largest trees, unroof houses, and in many cases to level them with the ground. It commenced blowing from the North East, but gradually shifted round to South; so that in course of the day we had it on all sides of us. It was difficult to divest one-self of gloomy thoughts and anxieties on account of vessels which were lying in the roads at the commencement of the gale, but which had been obliged to slip their cables and proceed to sea. Among these vessels was the "Star," by which our friends are expecting to go to America. Many thousands of the natives were in danger from the continual falling of their fragile dwellings. Our servant came in just at night to say that his house had been leveled with the ground, and that he had brought his wife and children to our compound. He had no rice or wood for them, as in the

confusion on the falling of the house, he had been robbed of both. I supplied his immediate wants, and gave directions that his family should be sheltered for the night. He was in so much distress that he could get no supper for us,—neither could he afford any assistance to Mr. Winslow, who was much endangered in his attempts to keep doors and windows from being forced open. We had the remains of our dinner put upon the table, and after prayers, made arrangements for sister Meigs and children to sleep in the hall, as her room was so much exposed to the storm. After we had retired to our own room, the venetians at the end of the verandah were forced in with a terrific noise. Large trees in the garden were torn up by the roots, and smaller ones broken off; while the leaves and small branches were completely stripped off. In a grove of cocoa-nut trees nearly opposite to us, we observed some waving and bending nearly to the ground, some snapped off, and the long heavy leaves flying high in the air, as they separated from the stems. The poor naked natives were indeed objects of pity, hurrying along with the fragments of whatever they could save from

the general devastation. We gave up all thoughts of sleep. Mr. Winslow placed a low couch on the most sheltered side of our room, and we both lay down upon it after committing ourselves and our household to the care of that Being who holds the winds in his fist; expecting to keep watch through the night,—but contrary to all our fears, the storm abated about midnight, and we were enabled to get a little sleep. This morning Mr. Winslow went abroad very early, saw much of the ravages of the storm. One vessel sunk at her moorings, the others had all put to sea at the commencement of the hurricane. On his return to the house, we accompanied him up the flight of steps to the roof of the terrace, to take a view of the damage done in our immediate neighborhood. Almost every native house was unroofed, and many lying in heaps of ruin. The gardens, lately so rich in flowers and foliage, were literally stripped and bare of leaves, which gave them much such an appearance as gardens present at home in the beginning of winter, when a night of high winds has carried off the dry leaves of autumn. Mr. Van Someran, (opposite), has lost many trees, some of

which have heretofore obstructed our view of the sea, from the lower part of the house, so that we can now see quite a long line of beach from the hall. The inhabitants say that they have not had so severe a gale, or rather hurricane, in this Presidency, since the year 1806. We feel grateful that it lasted but a short time,—many feared it would continue to blow at least three days. This morning all is fair and pleasant,—the storm is hushed, and night and gloom have passed away. We had a note this morning from the Doctor, saying that the family had suffered considerably. The rain had come in upon them from all quarters, and wet their furniture. They are at present in a small bungalow, but hope in a few weeks to occupy a very comfortable house, which is now undergoing repairs.

Harriet has consented after some demurring to put her four eldest boys at school; and to-day they have been entered at a select school under the superintendence of our kind friend Dr. Laurie. Hitherto they have been educated at home. We are all of opinion that they will have greater advantages here than at Jaffna, and I do think that the parents may

safely keep them here a few years longer, but time will show.

Mr. Winslow has gone to the Tract Committee meeting this evening; sister Meigs is with her children, and I am quite alone. At such times how instinctively my thoughts turn homeward! How vividly each loved form rises to view! And how many home scenes rush upon my memory! Beloved mother, dear brothers, and precious sisters! the remembrance of you all is most precious. My sweet nieces, one and all, is "aunty" still remembered by you? Do you sometimes talk about me? Do you still love me as you once did? Thanks to those dear little girls who have written to me. I have answered their letters, and will promise to answer all they send me.

Tuesday, Nov. 1st:—A very busy day. Early this morning Captain Brown, of the ship "Star," and Mr. Ryan (the owner), came here to take breakfast with us, rather unexpectedly. They are both quite anxious about the good ship, as she does not make her appearance in the roads. There is reason to fear she may be lost. Immediately after breakfast Mr. Winslow had all his out schools

and schoolmasters collected in the verandah, and was occupied with them for an hour or two giving out books, directions, &c., for the present month.

I have had all my people to settle with for the last month,—such as milk man, butter man, bread man, &c. The old servant, who had been two months with us, was not capable of doing his proper business, and a new one came to take his place. I was obliged to go to the *go down*, and formally induct him into office, as is the custom here. It is necessary to give a list of every article for the table, and for which he is accountable if any are broken or lost while he has the care of them. It is not so easy to do all this with a native man or woman, as it would be with servants at home. I have now a large family, and assure you it is quite business enough for one person to take care of them all, besides occasional visitors and calls; answering numerous notes, watching that all goes well out of doors, as well as in doors. I go to my bed sufficiently tired and full of regret that I cannot write to many of my friends who are expecting letters from me.

Friday, *4th*.—No news yet of the "Star;" we are all getting to be very uneasy. Accounts are constantly coming in of the devastations of the storm. There have been many lives lost. I rode out on Wednesday, and was surprised to see almost every house more or less injured. We have reason to be grateful that *ours* was so little damaged. The poor natives seem to have suffered most; and yet they appear to bear it very patiently. All last night we were kept awake by the noise of tom-toms, blowing of horns, &c., on account of some heathenish festival in our immediate neighborhood; lights were flashing across the room, and this together with the discordant shouts of the multitude, effectually banished sleep.

November 9th.—Since writing the foregoing, I have had constant engagements in various ways, which have prevented my writing. The "Star" came into port on the 5th instant, dismasted, and otherwise much injured, so that she will in all probability be *condemned*, and in that case our friends will be disappointed of a passage to America *in her*. Mr. Hall thinks of going by the way of Calcutta. He is obliged to decide in the course of this day,

as an English ship leaves this afternoon for that place in which he can obtain a passage. The affair is so sudden, that we cannot send as many letters as we wish to. I had some little presents for each of you; but there is no time to get the box off now, as we shall have much difficulty to get brother Hall ready at so short a notice. The box we shall send by the next vessel, which will probably be in a few months. Sister Harriet has a box also, you will get them before long I hope.

And now dear, dear friends, I must say farewell for this time; I shall continue to write, and shall live in the hope of soon getting letters from those I so much love. Not one line have I had from my dear mother since I left America. I know she has written to me,—but the letters have not reached me. Do my dear brothers try to have letters sent in such a way that I may receive them. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and alas, *mine* is often sick when I think how seldom I hear from you. I am weary of disappointment. I wish to hear from *all* my friends.

I have told you all about our settlement here, and of our hopes and prospects. The

brethren have written home to the Bible, Tract, Sunday school and other Societies, requesting grants of books for distribution; and we hope to obtain large supplies. There is ample room for missionary efforts here, among the 400,000 of people who inhabit this city. If permitted in the providence of God, I hope to have a boarding school of girls under my care. We have many plans which, I trust, have for their object the promotion of the great and glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I never felt more anxious to be employed, *exclusively* for the heathen than I now do. I absolutely long for it. We cannot do much at present.

CHAPTER XV.

Madras, *March* 3*d*, 1837.

Dearly beloved mother, &c., &c. :—

I sent off a long letter a few days ago by the Ship Edward, bound to Philadelphia, which you will have probably received. In that I gave many particulars of H's family as well as my own. The birth of my child was the most important event, and much was said on that subject, as I knew you would all feel deeply interested. I would just remark now that she continues well and is a great comfort to us.

My own health is only tolerable. I was very well for the first week, but have not been so well since. I have been once in the school, but found it too exciting for me as yet. Many friends have been with me at different times, and I have exerted myself rather more than I ought. My dear friends Doctor and Mrs. Laurie and children, left Madras this morning for London, not expecting to return to India

again. I shall see their faces no more on earth, but I hope to meet them in heaven. We had an affecting parting. I loved them sincerely, and I have reason to think our regard was mutual. The Governor (Sir Frederick Adams), goes home with them in the same ship. His office is to be filled by Lord Elphinstone, a very popular young nobleman, who is expected here in a month or two. Meanwhile, the affairs of this Presidency are to be managed by Mr. Russell, who is at the head of the Council.

The face of society in Madras is constantly changing. (I speak now of the English population.) All look forward to "going home," after having been here a few years, and many are obliged to leave (in pursuit of the health they have lost under this debilitating climate) even before the object for which they came may have been accomplished. Every ship from England *brings* passengers, and usually *carries away* as many or more than she brings. Strong attachments are formed with beings who delight us for a season, and in a few days are gone forever! This state of society you will readily perceive is very different from that

enjoyed in one's native land, where our friends have been born under the same skies, have grown up with us, and live on in constant intercourse with us until death cuts the tie that binds us together. There is a safety in such friendships; but here if your affections are suffered to go out upon kindred and congenial spirits, you are almost sure of preparing sorrow for yourself, such sorrow as is attendant upon separation from "loved ones." We are of course not much in society, on account of missionary work which employs us almost constantly, and we cultivate but few friendships, so that when one is broken up a great void is made. I have been led to these remarks in consequence of the departure of the Lauries. We shall not soon "look upon their like again."

Sabbath, 5th.—Had the pleasure of being with the Sabbath school this morning after a confinement of four Sabbaths. Found it pleasant to meet the dear youth again. After school attended Tamul preaching. Verandah quite full and a number in the hall. Mr. Winslow has gone this evening to the Indepen-

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dent Chapel, by request of Mr. Smith, to administer the sacrament to the soldiers.

Monday, 6*th*.—Have just heard of the arrival of the "Prince Regent Yacht," from London, having on board the new Governor. As I mentioned on the first page, Sir Frederick Adam embarked in the Java on Saturday. The ship got under weigh on Sunday morning, but was yet visible when the Prince Regent hove in sight with Lord Elphinstone on board. The anchor of the Regent was scarcely thrown overboard before it was hove up again, and the vessel proceeded in chase of the Java. She returned to the roads this afternoon, and about four o'clock His Lordship landed, under a salute of nineteen guns from the Fort St. George. He was received by the Commander-in-chief and all the principal civil and military officers of the Presidency. Troops were paraded so as to form a street from the landing place to the Government house, for the reception of the new Governor. His arrival at this time was rather unexpected. Private letters had stated the probability of his being delayed until June. Mr. Russell (the Governor pro tem.), has enjoyed his honors but a

few hours, as the new one was sworn into office immediately on arriving. He is said to be a very gay and dashing young nobleman, was a great favorite of the royal family in England, particularly of the Princess Victoria. His coming here may make great changes in society. We have no other public news that I recollect. The new plan of steam communication occupies much space in the minds of a certain class of persons in this part of India, if we may judge by the public prints, which are almost filled with letters on the subject. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that the cause of the steam communication between England and India, is at length assuming that position in England which must in a short time lead to its establishment. But I suppose you see all the various discussions of this important subject in American papers, copied from the English prints, so I may spare myself the giving particulars.

Tuesday, 7*th*.—I have been ill to-day; not able to go in the school. H's little boy, so long very low, seems now to be recovering. If I am better tomorrow, I hope to go over and see them, as we have not met since my

babe was one week old, when dear H. left our house. I have heard from them almost every day, but that is not like seeing them. The Doctor and H. both seem to be full of gratitude to God for sparing the life of their child which has been for a long time despaired of. We have all had cause to sing, of goodness and mercy. May the goodness of God lead us to repentance.

Wednesday, 8*th.*—Spent this day at Chinta Drapettah with dear H. We went over very early in the morning to avoid the heat of the sun, which is now beginning to be very oppressive. The little babe did very well, considering it was her first appearance abroad. I was not so well, was obliged to lie down often, and in coming home took cold, and am going to bed very much fatigued. H's children were very much delighted to see "little cousin," and Amy's also.

Thursday, 9*th.*—I have been much engaged all the morning in preparing to receive Mr. and Mrs. Day and family, as visitors for a while. They are American Missionaries of the Baptist denomination. Have been for about a year at Visagassatam, but are now in-

tending to settle at Madras. We expect them this afternoon. They will remain with us until a house is in readiness for them. Our intention is to receive the young people of the Bible class again to-night, for the first time since my illness.

Friday, 10*th*.—Our friends arrived yesterday, according to expectation. We find it very pleasant to meet American friends, and they seem to enjoy it quite as much as we do. My cares are of course much increased by so large an addition to my family, while I am not quite well, but I hope I shall not be the worse for any exertions I may make in the cause of hospitality. Had Mr. Groves and Mr. Malcolm to breakfast. Was able to hear the boys recite their lessons. They seemed very happy to have me again among them.

Saturday, 11*th*.—Mr. Winslow and Dr. Scudder called on the Governor this morning. It was the first public levee of Lord Elphinstone. One object in calling was the same as in the case of the old Governor, to pay all proper respect to the "powers that be," so that no difficulties may be thrown in the way of their residence here, or in the way of their

missionary works hereafter, by any omission of customary form on their part. There was a great throng of persons; almost every person of respectability, probably attended. His Lordship appeared very well. His dress was blue and silver; a dress peculiar to Colonial Governors.

I am going to bed very tired to-night, having been very busy all day. The ship Washington has just arrived, and will sail again in three or four days, so that I have but little time to write to you, unless I pursue my present plan of writing a line or two every evening before retiring. I have been on the roof of the house for a walk just after sunset and enjoyed it much. It is the first time I have been up in two months. My strength is increasing, although I am still weak.

Sabbath, *March* 12*th*.—Had both the English and Tamul Sabbath schools, and Tamul preaching as usual at our house. Mr. and Mrs. Day have accompanied Mr. Winslow to the Independent Chapel this evening. Mr. W. preaches for Mr. Smith. I am not yet able to go so far to hear preaching, and am obliged to content myself with the exercises at

our house. You are probably just about going to morning service. I always think of you at this hour, and we pray for you that you may find a blessing in seeking the Courts of the Lord's house. I hope my dear mother may be able to worship God in his sanctuary to-day; but if she is confined at home may her room be a Bethel. Oh, may the Saviour meet her there and grant her such tokens of his love as shall more than compensate for all her privations. I think my mother's lonely hours are often employed in wrestling for blessings on her absent children, and the thought is very comforting to me. I need your prayers, dear mother, for I am a sinful creature—a poor, week, erring mortal. I feel it more and more every day. "When I would do good evil is present with me." Oh, this warfare with indwelling sin is so constant that I want much spiritual armor, much help from God, much of the prayers and sympathies of Christian friends, to enable me to carry it on. It is long since I waged war with my sins, and yet how few of them have been overcome! I have no trials in this heathen land like those which proceed from my own heart, so prone

to depart from my Saviour, so apt to distrust God; such weak and wavering faith, such abortive attempts at holy living, such failures in duty, that I am sometimes near sinking under the consciousness that the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint, and that I shall come short of heaven at last. If I loved the blessed Saviour as I ought, why am I thus? Blessed be his holy name. He has wrought out a garment which can hide my nakedness. In this I earnestly desire to be found clothed in the last great day. For this I ask your prayers. Of temporal mercies my cup is full; so full that it becomes me to fear lest I am to have my portion in this life. I know that I deserve no good thing at the hands of the Lord, and yet in his mercy he daily supplies my wants; and what if I have not all the luxuries of life, we have enough of the necessaries and to spare, and have need only of more grateful hearts.

Monday, 13*th*.—Letters have come in from Jaffna. We hear very often from Ceylon and Madura. I shall try to get off a few little packages of shells, &c., by the Washington, if I can get time to do so. We sent by Mr.

Hall, who left here in December, a box which I hope you will get. There were a number of keepsakes for different friends, if they were not all broken to pieces from being packed in such a hurry. You must let me know in what order they reached you.

The following letters to her brother will show the routine of her labors in the missionary work.

Madras, March 18*th*, 1837.

My dear brother :—

I have written you so often of late that I seem now to have nothing new to tell you. I am not willing, however, that the ship should leave the roads without a line for you, as it may be long ere I shall have another opportunity of sending. We get no letters from you, and have almost given up expecting them. Ever since you left home to enter college, you have been my unfailing correspondent, usually more punctual than I myself was, and your communications were most precious to me always. Do not fail me now, when I need such testimonials of your affectionate regard, more

than at any other period of my life. But enough of this. You will, I hope, write.

You know from letters to mother all about our settlement here, the birth of our little girl, and our prospects as to missionary work, so I will not go over that ground again, but will tell you something of our daily employments, our visitors, &c. On the first day of the week we rise at day-light, in order to be ready for the first Sabbath school, who are here by sunrise usually. It is composed of the descendants of Europeans, all very pleasant children, disposed to learn and grateful for the privilege of being taught. They remain until eight o'clock. Immediately on their leaving, the Tamul children come in for their Sabbath school. Often between two and three hundred attend, about sixty of whom can read. At half past nine the bell rings, and in a moment the noise and din of study ceases and all are arranged to hear preaching. We have no chapel as yet, but make use of the verandah of the house for the men and boys, the women and girls sit inside the hall. The verandah is covered with matting and all sit on the floor. Mr. Winslow stands in the door, or near it, so that

he may be heard by all. A few women attend, and about twenty-five or thirty girls, from the out schools. Altogether we have a congregation of about 300, and could have many more if we had room for them. After preaching, follows the distribution of books, tracts, &c., which usually brings us to eleven o'clock before we have time to eat our breakfast. After this meal, Mr. Winslow goes to his study, and I to my room until dinner. We have a little season of prayer after dinner, and find it very pleasant to remember absent friends, and bring them before the Lord. Mr. W. is usually engaged to preach in English at evening, and leaves me rather before night as it is a long ride to either of the chapels, or to the Scotch church where he has preached many times. For some months I have not been able to go with him, and have often felt lonely, having only natives about me until quite late in the evening; but since "baby" has arrived I have no loneliness to complain of. We have our supper after his return from preaching, then prayers, and to bed sufficiently wearied; although I think we neither of us desire to have less to do; on the contrary, we are hap-

piest when most occupied for the people to whom we have come, not expecting to rest among them, but to labor as long as life lasts. Sabbath, you will see, is a very busy day with us, yet withal a very pleasant one. When Mr. W. is not engaged to preach in English, he visits the natives at their houses on Sabbath evenings. On Monday, as well as all other week days, the English school assemble for instruction in the verandah. School is always opened with prayer and reading the Scriptures. We have a good teacher from Jaffna. He was educated at Batticotta Seminary. I hear the boys recite their lessons every day unless I am ill. I love to be thus engaged, and wish I had much more time for it than I can now command. My days are spent much alike until Thursday evening comes, when I have a Bible class. They meet in our hall at seven o'clock and leave about half past eight. This is also a very pleasant employment. At first the class was small, and I attended to them myself, but it has increased so much that Mr. W. is obliged to assist me, otherwise I should be carried far in the night with putting questions to so many. We have the satisfaction of

seeing great improvement in the class since we commenced. Our books, (such as published by the S. S. Union,) we have numbered, and they form a tolerable lending library, which we keep in constant circulation, and think it one of the best means of doing good. The natives have access to us at all times, and some, more or less, are always about the premises, either as learners, teachers, inquirers, or applicants for books. And all must be attended to; so that the time of a missionary, as well as that of his wife, can never be at their own command. Mr. Winslow has a great deal of public business to do, being on committees, secretary to societies, editing the Tamul Magazine, &c., &c., which takes him much from home, and I have seen him detained half an hour often (after he was himself ready and his conveyance waiting) by the natives, talking, and wanting tracts, &c. There are fourteen out schools connected with the Royapoorem station, the teachers of which assemble here every Saturday to be themselves instructed. I often, at these times, think of you, and wish you could look in upon us. You would say it was a most interesting sight. They assemble

in the front verandah. To say nothing of the deep feeling with which I look upon them as heathen, living without God, and without hope in the world, there is so much of the picturesque, if I may so express it, about them, that I cannot avoid attempting a description, as they appeared last Saturday. There were fifteen or twenty I should think, mostly heathen, and bearing the badge of heathenism on the forehead, (a trident, in paint of three colors.) On their head they have a turban of thin muslin, of snowy whiteness, plaited in many a fold. About the bodies of most of them were two cloths, each about eighteen cubits in length, white, with a narrow, colored border. These were thrown around them according to the taste of the wearer. Some had the body quite covered, others with the whole upper part of the bust bare, while some again had only one arm and shoulder exposed. The feet are always uncovered, as they leave their sandals at the door. This dress you would admire. When the cloths are arranged so as to cover the body it is more graceful than any costume I have seen, unless it be in statuary, of which one is constantly reminded when looking at

their motionless figures as they stand with their eyes fixed on the missionary, while he unfolds to them his "glad tidings," or kneels in their midst to ask God's blessing upon them. You know there is nothing like the negro about this people, (excepting their color.) They have high features, with much expression. Most of the men wear mustachios, of which they seem not a little proud, oiling and curling them with much care. Among the group usually here, is one, conspicuous above the rest. He has "come out from among them," and is separate. He no longer bows down to stocks and stones, but professes Christ, and is desirous to go forth among this people as a soldier of the cross. Of a commanding figure, he adds to the dignity of his appearance by a peculiar mode of dress. Instead of the white or crimson turban usually worn, he has an Indian shawl of the largest size, (green, with variegated border,) wound about his head. From under it, redundant masses of hair slightly curled, float upon his shoulders. His beard is very long, and when his mouth is shut appears to unite with the heavy mustachios which cover his upper lip. His ever restless eye has a

peculiar expression which it were vain to attempt describing. Voluminous folds of muslin envelope his body, no part of which is seen but the hands and feet. A large staff completes his equipments. In prayer, he uses much gesture and has great earnestness. His voice is deep and full, answering to his name, which is *Boanerges*. Mr. Winslow has been abroad with him among the natives, and says that he is quite able to meet them in argument. I cannot but hope that he may do much good under the guidance of the missionaries. A gentleman near us supports him, and has requested Mr. W. to employ him among the natives.

In my letters to mother I have told you about our new Governor's arrival, &c., &c., and many other little particulars of what is passing about us, so that you must make a point of seeing them. The want of time prevents me from telling you many things relative to Mr. Winslow's labors and prospects. Both the Doctor and himself have been preaching often, in English, at the Independent Chapel, also at the Fort. At both places there has been something like a revival of religion.

Meetings for inquirers have been established, and well attended. Twelve at the place first mentioned profess to have given themselves to the Lord ; but the Doctor has written you particulars, I presume, therefore I need not say more.

Rev. Howard Malcolm, of Boston, has been here. He left a few days since for Singapore, after having established a Baptist missionary at this place—Rev. Mr. Day, with wife and child. I had them staying a week with me, until their house was ready for them.

Being occupied as we are, we seldom visit, not finding leisure for it. I feel more and more the vast importance of the missionary work, and rejoice daily that I am here, although sorrowing at the same time that I am able to do so little. At home we think we feel for the heathen, but oh, to dwell in their midst, how different ! Here, we do indeed seem to realize their lost, lost state. There are many difficulties to be met constantly, in our intercourse with them as domestics, but I will not mention them, as I think it better to pass over such things than to trouble friends with them. I would only say, that a good part of my

morning, which I intended to devote to you, has passed away in trying to obtain a correct account from the cook, who has been to the Bazar. I think I failed at last, and was obliged to give it up.

Madras, June 16th, 1837.

My dearly beloved brother :—I have been reading your precious letters over again this morning, and I feel as if you had been speaking with me. I do thank you most cordially for all you have written, still you do not write often enough. Many things pass which would interest your absent sisters if you would but keep a sheet open and write as often as once a week a few lines. We should then get many particulars of the dear children, of our beloved sister, and of yourself. Writing two or three letters in a year does not satisfy sisters who love you as we do. I endeavor to send home a few lines to some member of the family by every opportunity, that I may keep you apprised of our circumstances and situation as often as once a month, and sometimes more frequently.

By this time you will understand all about

our settlement at Madras. I proceed to tell you a little of our present plans and future prospects. We have, at Royapoorem, a day-school of native boys who receive instruction in English. They have a native teacher; he keeps them at their lessons until they are ready to recite, when I go out to hear them. I *never* omit this attendance when I am able to go; for if I am prevented by illness for a day or two, I am sure to find they have not improved as when they are subject to my surveillance. They are intelligent lads and seem capable of learning almost any of the higher branches; but as yet we have almost nothing to work with as regards apparatus, books, &c., &c. They are studying grammar, geography, arithmetic, &c. I have a small globe about the size of an orange on which I exercise them once a week, and they enjoy it much. I could tell you some pleasing anecdotes of these boys, illustrative of the native character, if I had time. I will only say now that I have much pleasure in attending to them.

I feel that it is important on first entering missionary ground, besides studying the language, to engage systematically in something

which I can feel is directly useful, otherwise the zeal with which we engaged in the work must be deadened, and the result be great discouragement or entire depression. We do hope that good will come of our school. There are many difficulties to be met, such as irregular attendance on account of heathen festivals, which occur with astonishing frequency, want of books, paper, &c.; but withal, the school increases, and the boys appear to understand more of the Christian religion, and to judge more favorably of it than at first coming to us. Mr. Winslow reads the Scriptures with them every morning, and prays in Tamul. We have a large number of out schools under the care of native teachers. These are visited in their turn by Mr. W. I have lately accompanied him in these visits, and enjoy it much. He has an opportunity of addressing many adults as well as children at the schools, particularly if they know of his coming. Yesterday we visited a school taught in an open verandah fronting the street. As soon as he commenced speaking to the children, passers-by were induced to stop and listen, and we had soon a large congregation in the street. Among them

were several brahmins as well as a number of women. They sometimes interrupt him to ask questions,* but are in general very orderly and attentive. All the schoolmasters meet at our house on Saturday of every week to be *themselves* instructed, and on the Sabbath the children of all the schools are here; forming with others who come in, a large congregation. I have still a fine Sabbath school of *country-born's*, (as they are called,) or in other words, descendants of Europeans; and our Bible-class might vie with almost any I have known in America. Thus you see, my dear brother, a little how our time is employed. I have said nothing of my husband's labors for the press, his duties as secretary for a number of public religious societies, his correspondence with the other two Missions, (Jaffna, and Madura,) for both of which he procures mostly their supplies, nor of his engagements as member of revision committees. This last perhaps is most trying of all for the mind, (revising the Tamul Scriptures,) but he seems to get along

* As a specimen of their questions, one man says, "I am a merchant, how can I get a living if I do not tell lies?" This was asked yesterday, by a very attentive listener.

without complaining, while I with fewer cares, am often quite worn down, particularly now at this hot season. The hot land-winds are blowing, and I can scarcely tell you how trying they are. (They are not known in Ceylon, and of course are as new to Mr. W. as to myself.) These winds commence early in the morning and blow with violence until toward evening, when the sea-breeze comes in, which usually continues most of the night. I often compare the hot wind to the blast from an oven. We have to close doors and windows against its suffocating, stifling touch. Every bit of bread or other food if at all exposed, is so dried it is difficult to eat it. Our books and furniture are much injured; the covers of the first roll up, and the latter shrinks and cracks. But the most unpleasant effect is felt on the skin, causing "prickly heat," to a greater degree than I have ever known. The pores of the body seem dried and I am literally covered with the "heat." Mr. W. does not suffer so much, as he continues to perspire, but dear baby and I have enough of it. But you will like to know a little of the pleasanter side of the subject.

When the sea-breeze sets in, (which is preceded by a rushing, roaring sound, like the noise of many waters,) we immediately open doors and windows to enjoy it, and oh, how refreshing! By this time we are usually through with most of our in-door cares, and can go out to visit a school, or breathe the air on the sea-beach. Baby, too, can have her cap and flannel petticoat on, and go with her nurse in the verandah. (I should mention, however, that this dear little "pet lamb" has been very ill with inflammation of the lungs, from which she is just recovering. Has lost much of her roundness of limb and sprightliness of manner, but still retains her almost unequaled brilliancy of eye. Ah! what heart-aches and anxieties I had while the little creature was so ill. But God's goodness has been as *great* as it was *unmerited* towards us. She is now nearly restored, and I hope we are in some small degree grateful.) We have fine moon-lights as I have often told you, and we sometimes steal time from other cares to walk awhile on the house-top and enjoy them. Then comes *thoughts* and *words* of home, dear home; then we wonder what you are all doing now. We

speak of the peculiar joys or trials of each member of the dear family. We speak of our dear mother and pray that she may have strength equal to her day. We speak of you and yours, of our own dear little girls, and much more than I have now time to tell you. It is usually quiet around us, unless the noise of some heathen procession breaks on the silence of night, which was the case a few nights ago, just after I had been remarking how very still the evening was. Soon after commencing our walk, the shrill sound of a horn was heard, and a small party of natives appeared in sight. The sound of the horn was so prolonged, that we recognized it for a lament over the dead. The party rapidly advanced, bearing their *uncoffined* dead. As they passed under the terrace, the bright moonbeams fell upon the corpse as it lay extended on a board, with no other covering than a cloth thrown over the body. The attendants, few in number, were conversing cheerfully, and their hurried steps, so unlike the measured tread of a funeral in a Christian land, seemed to show any thing rather than mourning for the departed. As they had no wood with them,

they were probably intending to *bury* the body instead of *burning* it, as those do who can afford a funeral pile. There is an open space between our compound and the sea where they have many burnings as well as burials. We have seen three funeral piles lighted at one time. There is something inexpressibly affecting in watching these fires, and seeing the attendants pass to and fro before the flickering blaze, occasionally lighting up the pile until all is consumed. The sea breaks in hollow moanings near the spot, as though giving that tribute to the dead which his fellow men refuses, for there is seldom much sound of lamentation except the wailing tones of the shell, which ceases as soon as the body is deposited on the pile, and usually but few remain to watch it or keep up the fires. I have mentioned the circumstance of the funeral as it may serve to illustrate to dear little S. the Scriptural account of the son of the widow of Nain, when our Saviour commanded them to stop, and immediately spoke to the young man. When a little girl, I used to wonder why nothing was said about opening the coffin. If I

had known more of eastern customs, the story would have been at once understood.

Before closing, I will mention that we have some encouragement here just now. Mr. W. has an inquiring meeting; several intelligent men attend, and seem very desirous of finding the right way. One of them seems a decidedly changed person, and is anxious for baptism. Several in the Bible-class are serious, and three of this class have recently joined the church. The Lord is not leaving us to despondency. We hear precious tidings from Jaffna, particulars of which you will learn from public documents. The Madura Mission has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Todd, (formerly Mrs. Woodward.) She had been married but a few months to her present husband. Her death was happy, I may say triumphant. I trust, my beloved brother, that you are all enjoying health, and the smiles of your heavenly Father; that you have much "peace and joy in believing." When praying for your dear children will you sometimes think of ours? I set great value on the prayers of Christian friends. Dear sister E., how I love to hear particulars of your sweet children. How

pleased I was to hear a description of the little "Saxon-bird," my precious namesake. I do not cease to pray for her, and dear S. too. Sweet children! may they live to be a comfort to you, and to serve their Maker. Tell them of their little East Indian cousin, who often, young as she is, has to listen to stories of them. Children in this country, are like delicate exotics, they need unwearied attention and care. Both health and morals must be unceasingly attended to. Dear sister H. has her mind and hands full, with her large family. I should like to tell you of our *maternal society* if I had space, but must leave it for another time.

When you write, just mention the dates of letters received, otherwise I may chance to write the same things twice over. Will you, my dear brother, send this letter to New York after you have read it, as I have not time to write our family now?

Yours, most tenderly and affectionately,

CATHARINE WINSLOW.

Madras, August 14th, 1837.

My very dear Brother and Sister:—As this is a heathen holiday, and most of the boys and girls are absent from school on account of it, I have a little leisure this morning, and feel as if I cannot do better than devote it to you. I prepared a journal letter last week, intended for all of my family,—but I know that you, my dear brother, do not see these long communications in some time after they reach America, so I send a separate sheet that you may hear how we are getting on. Mr. Winslow's health is about as usual, but mine has failed very much lately. Severe attacks of dyspepsia have taken away my strength. I have almost no appetite, and in consequence have lost the strength I once had, and which is so necessary for the care of the little baby. She continues pretty well, but is not at all pleased that she has to depend on other sources for her food. I have for a long time been quite free from this distressing complaint, to which I was formerly such a martyr; and hoped that it had left me entirely; but the great heat of weather, added to unusual

fatigues, brought it on, and when I may be relieved I cannot tell. I never felt more debilitated, except when really obliged to keep my bed. I wrote you a few weeks ago, describing the effect of the land-winds upon us,—have you received that letter? By informing me of the letters you get, or of their dates, you will often save yourself the annoyance of having one thing twice over. We write very often, but there is so much uncertainty as to our letters reaching you, that we often mention the same things over and over again. I have received three letters from you since I have been in India. I need not tell you how precious they were to me, nor how often I have read them. We rejoice in all your prosperity; the health of your dear family; completion of your new church, &c., &c. May God continue to bless you! May he grant you large supplies of his love, that you may grow in grace, and in conformity to his dear son. I love to hear of your spiritual as well as temporal welfare. I love to hear you speak of your dear children, as you did in your last, *that you are striving to train them*

for heaven. 'Tis the highest, the noblest aim we can have for our dear ones; that they may be the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. I think I can say (with truth), in regard to my child, that I am not troubled on account of her worldly welfare,—her adoption into the family of God is what I most earnestly desire; and for this we unceasingly pray; and for this we would ask *your* prayers. If she is a child of God, no matter where we leave her, whether in Christian or heathen lands *she is safe.* I have much comfort at times in committing her to the Lord. She is now six months old, is a sweet looking child, and a great comfort to us, notwithstanding the anxieties and cares we have had on account of her health heretofore. She manifests no unpleasant tempers as yet, although we know she is not free from the infirmities of our sinful nature. Any hints that you my dear brother, and sister, can give on the proper management of children, will be thankfully received by me. I feel my insufficiency even now she is so young, and should get along but poorly I sometimes think, were it not for Mr. Winslow's experience.

I have told you in former letters of our settlement here, and of the plans and prospects of the two brethren. There is so much room to work here, and so much need of laborers, that they ventured to detain two of the newly arrived missionaries at Madras, expecting soon to receive supplies from the Board, for carrying on their plans of missionary labor. Contrary to our expectations they have sent out very limited funds for the two missions at Ceylon and Madura, on which we are dependent; and of course they are obliged to give up all thoughts of extending operations here for the present until brighter hours shall come. The brethren Tracy and Ward will proceed in all probability soon to Madura, their original destination, while we shall remain here, keeping together what has been gathered, and supported by the hope that the American churches will rouse themselves and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We are aware of all the commercial embarrassments under which our country has lately suffered,—and which the "Board" appear to feel most sensibly in the diminution of

their annual receipts; still we cannot but think there is wealth enough among the Christian community to more than meet the present demands, if it were but forthcoming. The brethren had hopes of doing much here if they could but have obtained presses, and other helps from home. You can scarcely conceive how trying such disappointments are,—particularly if retrograde steps have to be taken,—schools given up, &c., &c. We can only wait on the Lord, hoping that the next advices may be of a more favorable nature. Perhaps we needed just such trials, just such disappointments. One thing we are sure of, that our heavenly Father has the control of all these things. In my journal letter I have spoken of my school for girls, and many other things which I thought might interest you. I wish you to see it, but lest you should not, will mention that I go on with the same routine of labor as when I wrote you last; have the same attendance at English Sabbath school; increased attendance at my Bible class, which now consists of thirty-two intelligent young people. Our Sabbath congregations are also

on the increase. Notwithstanding my late indisposition, I am able to attend daily to the boy's recitations in English; also to my girls' school. I go to bed very tired every night, but I feel that my time is short for labor, and I would strive to do something while the day lasts. I cannot live among the heathen without trying to do something in the hope of saving some of them from destruction. There is a constant impelling power forcing us as it were to work. We see them in such a state, —so besotted—blinded—rushing on to destruction headlong; that we are tempted to hazard health, nay life itself almost, in their behalf. We witnessed such scenes of self-torture and cruelty in our immediate neighborhood, a few Sabbaths since, as made us feel that we live indeed in the very empire of Satan. They were performing the Chmuka or hook-swinging, and (lest they should not send you the journal), I here give you an extract from it, that you may see what we have to wear out our strength and spirits, and keep our sympathies alive.

Extract, July 31st, Monday.—While we

were at dinner yesterday, one of the natives came in and said that they had commenced swinging. Mr. Winslow immediately prepared to go out among the crowds with tracts, for distribution. As he was leaving the house with several native helpers, I accompanied him to the verandah, where a most affecting sight met my eye. They were just raising a poor creature in the air. You may not recollect how this is done. A high post is erected in an open place, and is crossed by a long pole in the manner of a well-sweep. The cross-pole has cords at both ends. The man who is to swing has two strong iron hooks inserted in his back, by taking up about two inches of the flesh and forcing them through. These hooks have an ornamental *cord* attached to them, by which they are fastened to the cords on one end of the cross-pole. A rope at the other end is then pulled down until the end on which the man swings is raised high in the air, (we judged, in this case, about fifty feet from the ground, as he was above the tops of the tallest cocoa-nut trees near him). When he gets to a certain height, those holding the rope at the

other end, run round with it four or five times. As the poor victim is swung round, he throws flowers, betel-leaves, and sometimes fruit among the crowds below, which are eagerly gathered up, and considered sacred. In two cases yesterday they let off pigeons which they had taken up with them. Seventeen persons swung in this way in course of the afternoon. Mr. Winslow was very near to one as he came down. Saw the hooks through the flesh, and witnessed the poor creature's attempts to conceal the pain by running round among the people, flourishing a small sword in his hand; after which he went into the temple with the hooks still in his back."

"They endure these horrible tortures in performance of vows made in sickness, or for the purpose of obtaining some favor of their gods,—or escaping some threatened evil. The suffering must be borne without shrinking, or exhibiting marks of pain,—otherwise, he obtains no credit with the people. Immense crowds attend these spectacles. It is like a great fair. Booths are erected for the sale of arrack, fruits, &c. The beating of tom-toms,

blowing of horns, and constant firing of guns, are never failing accompaniments." Little children of eight and ten years, were there undergoing the torture of having their cheeks pierced through with knives, bits of iron, pins, &c. In most cases they submitted without a murmur, in accordance with the instructions of their parents, who had been making vows for them on account of their recovery from sickness, or some such thing. I send you this simple statement, (without telling you any thing of my own feelings, or the excitement of the day), that you may tell your Sabbath scholars of it, and show them what privileges they enjoy in being born in Christian lands,—where such things are unknown. The following Sabbath to the one I have described, the natives assembled in crowds to walk over burning coals, barefoot; run iron rods into the skin, and in this state dance before their idols. You will feel much yourself, my dear brother, to think that these things are still practiced in such a place as Madras; where some light has gone forth by the dissemination of Gospels, Tracts, &c.; but such is the fact. I have

thought that God is permitting these things to go on, that we may not become careless, and forgetful of the dreadful state of the heathen; seeing with our own eyes how full of cruelty are these dark places of the earth, we are burdened, and compelled to cry with more earnestness to God for their bondage to be broken.

I could tell you of other trials, but do not think it profitable to dwell much on the dark shades of missionary life, any farther than while I have hope of benefiting the poor heathen by such statements as I have made above.

I sometimes feel as if I should not write many more letters to you, my precious brother. Our intercourse through life has been *most sweet.* From childhood to this time we have loved each other with strong affection. We have participated in each other's joys and sorrows,—SO TENDERLY!!

But the time will come when all earthly ties must give way, and I know not how soon that time will come to me.* I have lately thought much of my last great change. My hope is in

* How prophetic of her approaching end.

Christ. Through Him, and only through him I hope for acceptance.

And now, dear J., and E., do not forget us; give us epistolary evidence that you hold us in affectionate remembrance. What a comfort your letters are! Dr. Scudder's family are well, with the exception of one of the children, who has a bowel complaint of long standing,—of course we have great comfort in seeing each other occasionally.

My dear husband would gladly write you, but cannot now. Every moment of his time is occupied. I wish to relieve him often when I see him so burdened, but I can do but little. He prays often for you all, if he does not write often. We desire of you to give our affectionate love to your Father-in-law's family, and to your dear children. Tell dear S. I hope she will write a letter to me as soon as she is able. Sweet little C. will soon be old enough to listen to you, when you tell her of us here in these far off ends of the earth. God's blessing rest upon you all.

Yours, in love,

CATHARINE WINSLOW.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE foregoing letters were written, as will be seen, several months before Mrs. Winslow's death. This event occurred on the 23d of September, 1837. It was by an attack of that dreadful pestilence the cholera, then prevalent in the neighborhood of Madras. How she met the grim messenger, how she triumphed, how she died; may be seen by the letter which her surviving husband indited. Undoubtedly she had overtasked her strength, in the efforts which she made to benefit the heathen, and at the same time fulfill all her domestic duties. These efforts required a physical frame more robust, and a temperament far less sensitive than hers. For years she had suffered indigestion and its concomitants, nervous depression, and general prostration of strength. But her mental energies and religious zeal rose above all this weakness of the body, and seemed for a while to triumph

over it. The reaction, however, soon came, and the tabernacle of the flesh refused to sustain so heavy a draft of moral power. Thus was she open to an attack of that fearful malady which is apt to seize upon the sensitive, and by one fell blow as it were to extinguish life. But the mournful narrative can be better told by one who witnessed the scene, and whose heart was riven by the same stroke that laid a beloved wife and companion low in death. Mr. W. writes as follows. The letter is directed to an aged mother, who, to all her other trials, was now called upon to add this, one of the severest which she had experienced.

Madras, *October* 7, 1837.

My ever dear and beloved mother:—Do you still remain a dweller and sufferer here below? I have sometimes thought that your spirit was probably freed from the incumbrances under which it had so long groaned, and was burning bright, and pure, and joyful and glorious before the throne of God, and of the Lamb; and, with my dearest Catharine, was accustomed to imagine it possible that you

might not be very far from us,—permitted, perhaps, to revisit earth, and the scenes and persons you loved. If so, you know more than I can now say; and need not any information or *consolation* from me.

But my much loved mother, I must address you as still below, and tell you, if it be so, that you are outrun in the course, by one of your own daughters; by my dear, dear wife. Oh, shrink not from this intelligence, as insupportable, though to me it would have seemed so, but for *divine* support. Why is this? Why is it, when our loved ones fall asleep in Jesus, to awake in his likeness, to put on his glory, that we mourn so deeply? It is not for *them*, it is for *ourselves*. We *must* feel,—we may mourn; yet surely not as those who have no hope. If our hearts are bleeding, we may go to One who will bind them up. Yes, we may have the confidence of being enabled to say, "It is *good* for me that I have been afflicted." It is all right. The Lord doeth all things well. Oh, to have our wills swallowed up in His.

Your, and my dearest *Catharine*, for the

last two or three months, was a good deal ill, and sometimes much distressed, with her old complaint, the dyspepsia. She never fully recovered her strength after the birth of our lovely babe, (who, alas, has followed her almost idolizing mother, as though their spirits could not be separated); but, until the attack of dyspepsia, seemed doing as well as could be expected. In the meantime she gave herself with great devotedness to her missionary work, in attending to the boy's school, in our verandah, and to a girls' school, which she commenced in the house; and in various other ways being very active. She often heard the Bible class, and the Sunday school for English children, when little able to do so. She in fact seemed urged on, by a conviction that her time was short, to do every thing in her power, every day.

On the 20th September she went to spend a few days at Chintadrepettah. Brother S. was absent on a tour, and we hoped a little change would benefit her health, while she could relieve the loneliness of dear Sister H., in the absence of her husband. The next day,

which was Thursday, I did not see her. On Friday evening I went over, and she met me with great joy. Our sweet babe had been sent out on a drive with nurse, but on her return, which was soon, her affectionate mother was delighted in making her recognize me, and altogether seemed in uncommon spirits; though I was sorry, and grieved to find she had turns of severe pain. After tea and prayers, which, with singing, she seemed much to enjoy, we sat with dear H., and she read a long article which I had been preparing for one of the periodicals here, on the subject of Missions. She made her remarks on it, with her usual taste and discrimination, but evidently with an effort, toward the close, to conceal the pain she was suffering. She had no sooner finished, than she went to her room, in much distress, and soon had an attack which would have alarmed us, (especially as the *Cholera* was very prevalent), had she not been subject to ill turns, somewhat similar. As our house was left open, and the domestics were expecting me, she insisted on my leaving her, as she hoped soon to feel better, to return

home. I left about *ten* o'clock. Before 12 o'clock her symptoms had become decidedly those of *Cholera;* and I was sent for, as also a physician. I reached her about half past two o'clock; but the physician, on account of the one first sent for being from home, did not arrive for more than two hours later. The usual medicines had, however, been administered, almost immediately, and I found her with a good degree of strength remaining, and in entire possession of her mind. *Indeed* the physician, on his arrival, had hopes of her recovery, until he learned the previous state of her health, and the nature of the attack of this most formidable disease. Even then, he thought it *possible* she might recover; but it eventually became very evident that the accession of the disease was the stroke of death itself; and that nothing could have prevented the result which followed.

The dear sufferer had all that restlessness and that intense thirst, which is common in the complaint, and which so occupies, and absorbs the mind; but not much severe pain. She gradually sunk away in a collapsed state,

breathing shorter and shorter, until she expired without a struggle, or groan, at a quarter past seven o'clock, on Saturday evening, September 23d, 1837.

The disease, it may well be supposed, prevented her saying much; but what she did say was entirely satisfactory. She was very anxious to see me, before my arrival; and when she was permitted to do so, seemed to have nothing more to ask. She lay quiet in the hands of God, as a child in the hands of its father. There was a remarkable spirit of submission, and resignation, in every thing she said or did. The world was entirely renounced. Even the precious *babe*, in whom her soul was bound up, was not brought to her, nor did she ask to see it. When I inquired have you any thing to say about the dear babe? Her answer was, "No, *I have given her up*." "God can do better for her than I can." After I had prayed, soon after my arrival, she continued, aloud, in a very fervent supplication, pleading for me, for the babe, for sister H., for dear mother, and sisters, and brother, and children at home, and that the

blessed Saviour would be with her in the dark hour approaching. Her petitions were very earnest and affecting; but she did not plead for recovery. She appeared to have settled it in her mind, from the first, that she should not live; and all fear of death, and even of pain, seemed to be taken away. When I asked, are you anxious about the event, she replied, "Just as the Lord pleases." "Sweet to lie passive in His hands," "and know no will but His." "Do you regret having left your native land?" "Never, never, there is nothing worth living for but Christ and his cause."

With much feeling she asked my forgiveness for any thing in which she had offended me, and when I said, "very pleasant hast thou been unto me," she was almost overcome. When I asked her pardon, also, she said, "Oh, I have nothing to forgive, you have been all kindness, all forbearance, just like your Master." I mention this only as a proof of the ripeness and mellowness of her feelings; for I am fully sensible there were many things in which she had felt tried. But her soul was

now filled with love to all. Nothing now troubled her, she was at peace.

The only desire she expressed in regard to life was that she might do something more in the mission; but said she, "God does not need me." She spoke much of her deficiencies and sins, but her *faith* in Christ was strong.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,"—&c.,

was repeated two or three times, and the text, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Her language was, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth; He hath passed through death. I long to see his face. Sweet is his voice, and his countenance is comely.

She said more than once, "Oh, that I could tell you what is in this poor heart, but I cannot, Jesus knows all." To Him she in confidence committed her soul; for Him she was willing to leave all. Toward the last period of her consciousness, as I leaned over her, she raised her shrunken and cold hand to my forehead saying, "*this* is my greatest struggle," and looking at dear sister H. and myself, she

added, "my precious sister, my dear, dear husband." Every tie seemed now to be loosened, and gently did her affectionate spirit ascend to the regions of light.

An hour or two before she breathed her last, but after she had lost all consciousness of outward things, Mr. and Mrs. Day of the Baptist Mission who were our neighbors and dear friends, came in and remained until all was over. He prayed most feelingly with us both before and after the happy soul departed, and as it seemed to be leaving, I could not but exclaim,

"Hark, they whisper, angels say
Sister Spirit, come away."

Doubtless the unvailed glories of the Lamb instantly burst upon her view. Oh, my much-loved mother, let us follow her, and dwell with her in our imaginations until we forget to mourn.

The funeral was attended the next day at evening, by a large number of weeping friends; the remains being interred in the burial ground of the Independent Chapel. A funeral ser-

mon is to be preached by our friend the Rev. Mr. Smith, tomorrow evening, in Davidson street Chapel.

Another stroke was in reserve for me from the hand of my Heavenly Father, who I know never afflicts unnecessarily. On the day of the interment, our sweet babe was taken ill—the disorder first appearing much like cholera. Medicine, however, gave relief and the next day she was better; but the day following was again worse. A physician advised a wet nurse, as she had been fully weaned but little more than a week. As it was thought a change of air would also be favorable, I took her home to Royapooram. Another physician there visited her, and spoke favorably, especially as she had with difficulty been induced to nurse a little. The disorder, however, somewhat in the form of dysentery, did not essentially abate; and on Friday morning, September 29th, at half-past ten o'clock, the dear little sufferer quietly yielded up her sweet spirit.

Her death was not hard. For the last three or four hours she lay almost exactly as did her dear mother, breathing shorter and shorter

until, without moving a limb and scarcely a muscle, she stopped breathing. She was a most lovely infant, and a sweet corpse. It was better for her to go; but I did cling to her as a little wreck of my hopes, as a part of her loved mother, and could have wished with my whole soul to be cheered by her bright smile, and speaking black eyes in my remaining pilgrimage; but the Lord saw it was not best, and He doeth all things well. "It is well with the child." Her little head lies near that of her who bore her, and their spirits are together before the throne.

And now what shall we say, my precious mother and ever dear brothers and sisters? I know there will be mourning, deep mourning, in all your loving and beloved circle. Your sympathies with me will be strong—perhaps too strong; but blessed be God, we *cannot* mourn as those who have no hope. Our too dear Catharine will not return to us, but we shall go to her. We shall at length "be caught up together with [her] in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore," let us,

"comfort one another with these words." I do feel that the Lord is very gracious in the midst of His chastisements, and trust that He will not leave me comfortless, but come unto me. Yea, that He *has* come unto me. If I know any thing of my own heart, my desires are more that the dispensation may be sanctified to me than that I may be merely comforted. I feel that I need *medicine* more than *food*, and that God can make this bitter draught not only medicinal, but nourishing, that I may "grow thereby." May I not hope that it will be abundantly sanctified to you, my fellow-mourners across the great waters, to whom I must ever feel allied and whom I must continue to thank for your gift to me?

Will not our dear sister S., and her beloved husband especially, lay this to heart? Oh, how many prayers did the dear departed offer up for them. Surely they will be heard and answered. For the encouragement of dear brother J., and for his consolation, I would mention, that his last injunction "*live for Christ*," was never forgotten by his precious sister, or long out of her mind. She *did*

strive to obey it. I trust you have all found evidence from her letters and journals, that she was fast becoming more and more spiritually minded. It was evidently so. Some weeks since she agreed with three or four other mothers to devote an hour each morning in prayer for their children, and arranged also with five or six Christian sisters to meet once a fortnight for special supplication together. Two or three of these meetings had been held at our house. She had in fact for months been ripening rapidly for the garner above. The Lord be with you all.

Affectionately yours,

MYRON WINSLOW.

Thus closed the earthly career of one whose missionary life if brief, was not without its appropriate and anticipated fruits. Of Mrs. W. it may be said, as of the woman commended by our Lord, "she did what she could." She gave her all to Christ and to his cause. With powers such as she possessed, with such refinement and cultivation, fitting her to adorn the highest circles of social life, it must be ac-

knowledged that the consecration seems not only entire, but actually sublime. Judging with the short-sightedness of mortals, the death of such an one, occurring so soon and under such painful circumstances, seems mysterious and regretful. But the horizon of our views is too circumscribed to allow us to form an opinion. He who sees the end from the beginning, He alone can give a satisfactory explanation of this, and many such like events, occurring under his government and ordained by his Providence. We will wait submissively until the day of clear revelations. In the meantime, we will, in the spirit of one of old, say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

To any young lady who may read these pages, it will seem, I am sure, that the missionary cause is one that may well claim for its service the highest cultivation of mind and of heart. So Mrs. W. viewed it. So she spake of it, and proving her sentiments sincere, she gave to it a mind and heart which had often been the theme of general admiration, and had administered pleasure to a wide circle

of acquaintances. There was a day when it was said, "*any thing is good enough to go to the heathen;*" but that day has gone by. The heathen need more than mere piety; they need the outward grace which piety combined with other influences, produces. They are struck as we are by a combination of refinement, intelligence, and piety. Human nature is the same everywhere. There is nothing in God's works, so far as they fall under our eye and observation, so inherently beautiful as woman, when, to natural charms and a cultivated intellect, and a sensitive heart, there is added the crowning and sanctifying grace of true piety. Such a specimen of moral worth, before the eyes of the most brutalized, must gradually one would think, draw them into at least a tolerance of Christianity; and prepare the way for their own social and spiritual elevation.

There are some we are aware, who would refer all this zeal and consecration to a spirit of fanaticism—believing that no great good can come of it, and that it is a waste of means and energies, which might better be applied

to useful purposes at home. They are welcome to their opinions. We claim as Christians, to exercise a different view. We think the command of Christ obligatory, "Go ye," &c. This command we suppose, has an application to *us* no less than to the *first* disciples. Nor can we think that it applies to *one sex alone*. If ever Christianity is propagated and established throughout the world, families must be reared, and the duties involved *in* that relation be exhibited before the heathen. The wife must show what is meant by the conjugal relation; and children must be trained on the principles of the Bible. Why then, denominate fanaticism, that zeal and piety which have shone in a Newel, a Judson, and others, who have shared with their companions the trials and labors of the missionary life?

The field of missions in our day is wide, and the call to go up and possess it piercing and imperative. Hark, from India, the cry of millions, "Come over and help us!" Africa lifts her manacled hands, and clanks her chains in our ears. China, holding in her paralyzing embrace, a third of the whole human family—

half-civilized, half-barbarous China, cries for help; and all we have done for her, is but as a drop to the ocean. Papal regions, too, where the man of sin has usurped the prerogatives of God; and Mohammedan countries, where a waning fanaticism bows the soul, darkly clinging to some undefined hopes, claim at our hands the bestowment of that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. Everywhere the call is heard, "Send us help from the sanctuary." And shall we turn a deaf ear to pleadings which come from these dark places of the earth? In the language of a Christian prelate, himself animated by the missionary spirit:

"Shall *we* whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall *we*, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

Oh, ye young men and women, who profess to love the Saviour, and to live for Him; can ye rest until the question is met and answered, in reference to this call from dying millions, "Lord, what wilt Thou have ME to do?" And

can the church of God, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, hold back in a work involving the salvation of a world, and indispensable in order to fulfill the promise and prediction that "He shall see of the travail of his soul," and that "the heathen shall be given to Him for his inheritance?" A voice seems to say—rendered emphatic by the wonderful providences now occurring—"To the North give up, and to the South keep not back," &c., (see Isaiah 43: 6 and 7).

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THE END.